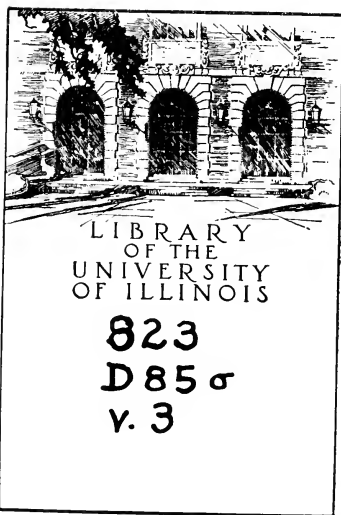


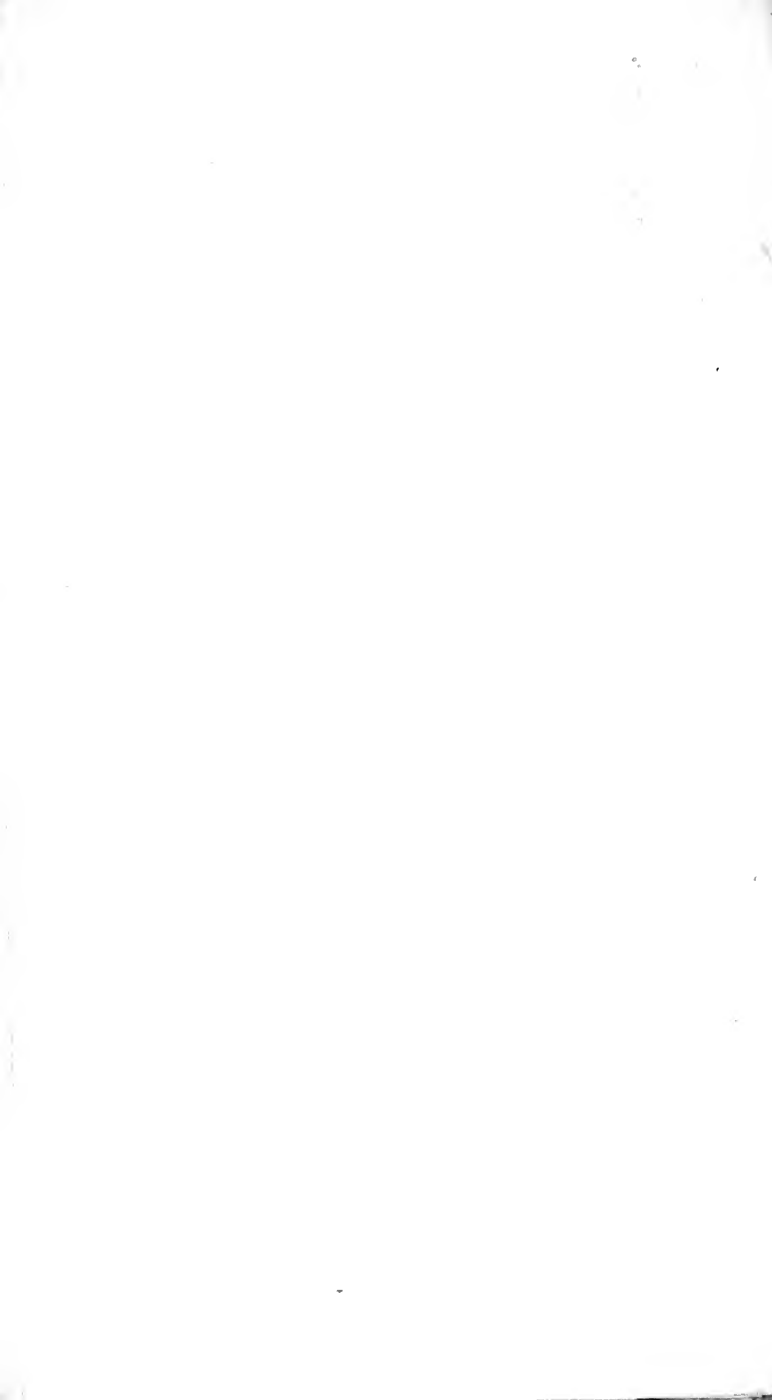


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OLD NICK:

A

SATIRICAL STORY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

A PIECE OF FAMILY BIOGRAPHY, &c.

Διδωται ὁ Θεὸς παιζειν.

JULIANI IMPER. CÆSARES.

THE SENSE OF RIDICULE IS GIVEN US, AND MAY BE
LAWFULLY USED.

DR. JOHNSON.

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C H A P. XVII.

Which being the last, cannot fail of proving perfectly agreeable, and, I hope, satisfactory to the Reader.

ERRATUM.

For Von Heim, throughout this volume, read Von Hein.

OLD NICK.

CHAP. I.

King Edward's feelings, with regard to other men's wives.—The small-pox.—The author could kill a woman, but could not do what Mr. Buckle did.—Dionysius's ear.—A song.—Identity.—The Honourable Mr. Buckle.—Barclay's visit to him.—The difference between Frenchmen and Englishmen in company.—How to please every body.—Gregory and the Abbè.

FROM the Parson's account, it appeared that Mrs. Buckle was distantly related to him by his wife's side, and had married the Honourable Mr. Buckle. The instant this name was

mentioned, Barclay recollected that he had received a letter from Keppel for this gentleman, which he had never delivered ; and inquiring whether he was the same person, was answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Buckle was a man of the most unbounded *gallantry*, to call every debauchery of this nature by a fashionable term, though it deserves a much worse. In one of the histories of England, Edward the Fourth is said to have “ taken as much pleasure in lying with other men’s wives as his own.” However *surprizing* this may be, Mr. Buckle was precisely of that disposition. “ I fear,” said the Parson, “ that he’s a bad man ;” and whenever the Parson affirmed so much, it was equal to saying that he knew it. That he was acquainted with many particulars relating to Mr. Buckle’s character, which, through charity, or some other cause, he

he wished to suppress, was clear to Barclay, from his manner of recounting the different facts.

He married Mrs. Buckle for love, and she, in return, was doatingly fond of him ; but they had not been together above a year, when she was seized with the small-pox, which considerably impaired her beauty. This circumstance so alienated her husband's affections, that, from that time, he not only neglected her, but used her shamefully ill, even forgetting his manhood so much, as to bruise and kick her. Unaccountable cruelty ! I think it possible that jealousy and passion might lead me to kill a woman, but nothing could induce me to kick and bruise her. As a village is like that subterraneous cave, called the Ear of Dionysius, nothing passing in or near it, but it is instantly known, the cruelty of Mr. Buckle was presently the talk of

the whole place ; and amongst other good-natured things that were done and said on the occasion, Miss Phyllis wrote a song, which her mother set to music ; and Master Stephen had the insolent indecency to sing it, one day after dinner, at Mr. Buckle's, while his wife was present.

It ran thus :

THE COMPARISON.

A party of poor benedicks
A jovial bowl were sharing,
When each his tender rib would fain
To something be comparing.

A mule, a tyger, and a cat,
Were thought to match the evil ;
Tho' one, with reason sound and good,
Compar'd his to the Devil.

At length old Hodge, who kept his wife
In better trim than many,
Said, " I prefer for simile,
A walnut-tree to any."

" A wal-

“ A walnut-tree ! How so ? ” cry’d one,
 Himself then forward seating ;
 “ Why, inasmuch I find,” said he,
 She better is for beating * ! ”

Mrs. Buckle bore her husband’s ill-humour and unkindness with all the gentleness of suffering innocence, trusting to its own virtue for relief ; until he at last brought another woman into the house, whom he invested with all her privileges.

She now flew with her child to the Parson, who readily succoured and protected her. Seeing no hopes of a reconciliation, Mr. Buckle, by the Parson’s interference, agreed to settle four hundred pounds a year upon his wife ; and they parted. Since that period, she had lived principally at the parsonage ; but still retaining an affection for her

* It is scarcely necessary to add, that walnut-trees, when they are well threshed with poles, are better the following year.

husband, she was always melancholy, and would often sit and weep for hours together. Mrs. Pawlet would sometimes, on these occasions, take the part of Mr. Buckle, and endeavour to prove that he had done right, in separating from his wife.

“ Dr. Watts observes,” said she, “ that when a consumption has made a man lean and pale, or the *small-pox* has altered his countenance, we are ready to say, that our friend is not the same person that he was before ! Now,” continued she, “ as that is the case with you, I don’t see that you have any claim on him. Identity is the thing ; atoms are daily flying off ; and you have not the same blood in your veins ; for in a few months it is entirely changed. Then the only question remaining, is, are you *conscious* that you are the same person ? Locke rests it on the *consciousness*.”—In this rhodomontade way, Mrs. Pawlet

Pawlet would talk to her, until she was silenced by a petition from the Parson.

Mrs. George was not without a remark on Mrs. Buckle. Somebody observing, that it was a great pity they could not agree, since they were both very agreeable, when taken separately, "yes," she replied, "they are like two melodies, or airs, that won't harmonize; pretty and pleasant when heard alone, but terribly discordant when performing together."

The Parson having terminated what he had to say respecting Mrs. Buckle, Barclay again observed, that he had a letter for her husband from Keppel, and that he wished he could be the means of reconciling them to each other.

"I would you could," said the Parson; "but I see no chance of it. He is an abandoned man: he was born in this country, and ever since his early youth, has been guilty of such kinds of

gallantries as nothing can excuse. Heaven grant he may reform before it is too late." Here this worthy man was obliged to draw his handkerchief from his pocket, to dry up the big tears that rolled down his cheeks. It was evident that he was acquainted with some secret misconduct of Mr. Buckle's, which interested him in his reform, but made him fear that it would never take place.

"However," said Barclay, "I will try what I can do with him: perhaps I may succeed better than an older and a more serious advocate."—"The concern you take in this affair," replied the Parson, "does you honour: may your mediation restore the peace of a divided house!"

Mrs. Pawlet was now for some days entirely occupied in reading and arranging Mr. Addlehead's remarks on the Prophets: the Polyglot was therefore at a momentary stand, which afforded
our

our hero an unusual degree of leisure time. Next morning, after Gregory, who came constantly to shave him, had performed his office, and they had conversed a little together, Barclay set off, to present his recommendatory letter to the Hon. Mr. Buckle. Previous to his departure, Barclay received the welcome intelligence from Penelope's lips, that his kind undertaking, if possible, increased her love and affection for him. Under this delightful impression, then, which would have strung his nerves for daring of greatest peril, he proceeded to attempt, should occasion suit, the piece of friendly service.

Reaching Mr. Buckle's villa, which was situated within half a mile of the parsonage, Barclay was struck with the taste and voluptuous elegance of the building, and every thing about it. A travelling chaise and four horses were standing in the sweep before the house,

as he approached. Desiring to know whether Mr. Buckle was at home, one of two or three servants who were standing in the hall, replied, that he was uncertain, but that if he would be pleased to walk into the parlour, he would inquire; at the same time requesting to know his name.

Barclay was not left long, before he was informed by the same servant, that his master was within, but being engaged, entreated he would have the goodness to wait a few moments. Barclay acquiesced; and the servant, bowing, shut the door, and retired. Barclay was detained here full ten minutes, which he passed in admiring the furniture, and ornaments of the room; every thing in which, seemed calculated to inspire and gratify the most boundless luxury.

At length, notice was given that he might ascend, Mr. Buckle being disengaged.

engaged. On entering the room, Barclay perceived Mr. Buckle in a robe de chambre, sitting on a sofa, and by his side on a chair, Monsieur l'Abbè; whose complying manners seemed to confer on him the ubiquitary quality that he was here, there, and every where; at least, so our hero had constantly found him.

They both rose at his entrance, Mr. Buckle receiving him with great ease and politeness. Barclay presented his letter. It was now very apparent, that from the moment he had sent his name up, the conversation had entirely related to him, and that the Abbè had rendered all other information unnecessary; for just casting his eye on the letter, Mr. Buckle threw it on the sofa, and with both hands came up to Barclay, and pressing his with great warmth, assured him that he was extremely happy to see him.

They had not been re-seated many minutes, before they conversed together with all the intimacy of old acquaintances. This was principally owing to Mr. Buckle, who, having travelled much in France and Italy, had got rid of that stiff formality, and uninviting behaviour, which characterize Englishmen amongst strangers. A Frenchman is as free in a company he never saw before, as if he had seen them every day of his life ; but an Englishman, on the contrary, will run into a corner, twist his thumbs ; and if you can get *yes* and *no* from him, without stuttering, after he has been there for twelve hours, you may think yourself very well off. I believe that the perpetual gaiety of our neighbours arises from the freedom with which they discourse with one another, and from their running wherever they see a crowd, and pulling out a snuff-box ; beginning, without any farther cere-

ceremony, to chat with every one present about what's passing: by this means, they soon forget any little calamity that may afflict them; but if an Englishman labour under any, he will speak to nobody, but, hastening into solitude, mope, and drive himself into such a state of melancholy, as nothing but hanging can cure.

Mr. Buckle was elegant in his person: his countenance, though pale, was interesting, and his spirits so good, that notwithstanding he was above forty, he had not the appearance of a man more than thirty years of age.

He seemed greatly taken with Barclay; but, looking at his watch, exclaimed, "Ah, its later than I expected! I am sorry, Mr. Temple, to leave you thus abruptly; but I have a trifling affair which presses: however, I shall expect the pleasure of your company at five, to dinner."

Barclay

Barclay was going to reply.

“No excuse! I will take no excuse!” he cried: “Monsieur l’Abbè is going with me. If you don’t know how to dispose of yourself till dinner time, *Madame* is here, and will have great pleasure in shewing you the grounds and garden, till we return.”

“You are very good,” replied Barclay, “and I accept your invitation to dinner; but I have another place to call at this morning, which prevents my availing myself of your other politeness.”

“As you please,” said Mr. Buckle: “my system is to please every body; and I think the only way to do that, is to let them do as they please. Adieu! I must positively leave you for the present.”

Barclay returned to the village. From the character he had before heard of Mr. Buckle, he despised him; and so
apt

apt are we to depict in our imagination any thing we dislike, in hideous colours, that he had expected to meet some monster, and not the polished and agreeable man he had been conversing with.

Barclay was almost angry with himself, for having suffered himself to be pleased; but Mr. Buckle's elegant address had such an effect upon him, that, in spite of conviction, he could think of nothing to his disadvantage while he was in his company. "Baleful fascination!" exclaimed Barclay, "to have the power to please, with the inclination to injure and deceive."

Not being in high spirits, he resolved to call on Gregory, and to pass the interval till dinner with him, in talking of past circumstances, which, though gloomy, were still dear to his memory.

Gregory's countenance lightened up with pleasure, as he saw Barclay enter
the

the shop ; and he presently seated him on the best chair. “ Go on with your work,” said Barclay, “ and don’t mind me : I desire you will, or I shall leave you.” Gregory was employed in making a wig. “ Well, Sir, if you insist on it, I must,” replied Gregory, continuing his work. “ Do you know, Sir, that I am making this wig for Mr. Pawlet : he does not want one ; but, bless his heart ! he has merely ordered it to give me encouragement.”

“ He is an excellent man,” said Barclay. “ By-the-bye, I shall want you to go thither with a note, to let them know that I cannot dine there to-day, as I am engaged at the Hon. Mr. Buckle’s.”

“ Yes, certainly, Sir,” replied Gregory : “ but pray, Sir, may I be so bold as to ask how you came to know Mr. Buckle ?”

“ Why do you ask ?” said Barclay.

“ Be-

“ Because,” he answered, “ I hear a good deal of the talk of the village ; and, amongst other things, I am told that he is a bad man.”

“ Ay,” cried Barclay, “ I’ve heard as much.”

“ And,” continued the other, “ there is a *Mounseer* some’at : he lodges a few doors off ; who, they tell me, is often with him. I shaved him this morning, and I don’t like to be severe ; but dam’me (I beg pardon), but I say, I would not have his face for all Mr. Buckle’s estate. He asked a deal about you.”

“ About me !”

“ Yes ; but I did not rightly understand half he said, he spoke such queer gibberish : however, I told him nothing that I won’t swear to : I told him that you were a gentleman bred and born ; and though Fortune might have played you a slippery trick, you had a heart
that

that was worth all the riches in the world."

"You had better be silent about these things," said Barclay.

"So I should have been," replied Gregory warmly, "but he seemed to think lightly of you, because you serve Mrs. Pawlet; and, d—n him, I was determined to teach him to respect you as you deserve."

"Well, well," said Barclay, "I know your meaning's good; but rather avoid talking so of me. Did he say any thing else?"

"Why, after he saw me a little angry," replied Gregory, "he began to speak more properly of you, and at last asked me, whether I didn't think you and Miss Penelope would make a good match?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Barclay, "and you told him——"

"Yes;

"Yes ; to be sure," cried Gregory ;
"and Heaven bless you both, so you
would. After this, he asked me, whether I thought you had any idea of it ?"

"Well."

"Then," said Gregory, "I saw he
was pumping me, and I told him, no !
If any body's d—d for that lie, I think
he will."

"What, you thought it was a lie, to
say *no* to such a question ?" inquired
Barclay.

"Yes, indeed, Sir," cried Gregory :
"haven't you got eyes, haven't you got
a heart ?—how can you help loving
her ?"

"Indeed I cannot !" exclaimed Barclay, with a sigh : "I never told my
love before," he continued, "to any
one ; but I think the secret is safe with
you, Gregory ; you will not divulge it ?"

"I will perish first," cried Gregory,
"if you desire it ; but why should you
conceal

conceal it? Miss Penelope loves you, I am certain, by what she has said to me: the Parson loves you too; who then will oppose your union?"

"Keppel, Keppel!" Barclay ejaculated: "she has long been plighted to him, and he loves her also."

Gregory let the comb fall out of his hand, as Barclay uttered these words, and was mute for some time. At last he recovered from his consternation, and endeavoured to soothe Barclay's mind, by supposing, what the other was too much inclined to flatter himself with, that Keppel's friendship would induce him to sacrifice all his claims for his friend's happiness.

Barclay now wrote his note, and giving it to Gregory, who again and again entreated him to keep up his spirits, set out for Mr. Buckle's, meditating, as he proceeded, on the conduct of the Abbè.

C H A P. II.

Madame.—A difference between the author and the reader, respecting kept-women.—Barclay and Madame in the hermitage.—What made Master Stephen first think of love.—Charlotte and Werter.—Madame lets Barclay into a secret.—Her opinion of virtue.—A woman's best sense.—A story.—Injudicious severity of parents.—Boarding-school.—A governess.—A father's conduct before his child.—A cause for marrying.—Observation on old people wedding young ones.—Madame confesses her obligation to Mrs. Wolstonecroft.—Ariosto gives a reason why this chapter should end.

BARCLAY, on his arrival, was ushered into a charming room, where he was received by the lady Mr. Buckle

Buckle had in the morning distinguished by the title of *Madame*; in other words, the woman he kept.

READER. A kept-woman!

AUTHOR. Heaven defend me! I thought how it would be. She's off, stop her who can.

READER. A filthy creature! Do you mean, Sir, to ——

AUTHOR. I mean to do what you'll see, if you will but leave me alone. Shut my book if you like it, but I will not part with my woman. I have no dislike to kept-women, not I; so that somebody else keeps them.

Madame, who received Barclay with great affability and politeness, appeared to be about thirty: her figure was rather large, but well proportioned; and there was a naïveté and liveliness in her countenance, which could not fail to attract and please every one who beheld her.

her. There was nothing coarse in her manner, nor did her conversation betray any want of education. After running over all the topics which occur in the company of a stranger, she asked Barclay whether he would walk in the grounds till dinner time. He readily agreed, and giving her his hand, they descended to the garden. After viewing and commenting on the hot-houses, grottoes, and other curiosities, they came to a hermitage, which they entered. She had no sooner seated herself here, than she burst into a fit of laughter. Barclay could not conceive her meaning.

“ I beg pardon, Mr. Temple,” said she, still smiling; “ but I can never come into this place without laughing: you cannot imagine what adoration I have received here.”

“ I easily imagine it,” replied Barclay.

“ I am sure you do not now,” added she, “ nor from whom.”

“ It

"It might be expected from every body," said Barclay; "but I suppose you allude to Mr. Buckle."

"To Mr. Buckle!" she exclaimed: "bless me, I should as soon have looked for adoration from the hermit who inhabited this hermitage in the time of his great-grandfather. No; from a young gentleman I dare say you have heard of: he lives in the village; his name is Stephen."

"Master Stephen!" said Barclay, laughing.

"The same," she replied: "he is over head and ears in love with me; though, by the way, as Rochefoucault observes, I believe he would *never have thought of love, if he had not read of it.*"

"Oh yes," cried Barclay, "idiots are naturally amorous!"

"True, true," she continued; "but I'll tell you why I think he must have read of the love he entertains for me: the

the reason is this; he fancies himself Werter, and that I am Charlotte; and writes me such long epistles as you never witnessed; then he comes here, and courts me by looks and sighs, to the great amusement of Mr. Buckle."

They were here interrupted by a bell. "That's for dinner," said she; "come;" then smiling, she repeated these two verses:

Fond scene of love, sweet hermitage, adieu!
Who loves not dinner more, may stay with
you.

Barclay was surprized when they came to the dining-room, to see *Madame* seat herself at the head of the table, and, without seeming to expect any body else, ask him whether he chose soup or fish.

"If Mr. Buckle is not come," said Barclay, "had we not better wait a little?"

“ Oh Lord, no ! ” she exclaimed. “ I never stay for him : he may be back in a minute, and he mayn’t be here for a month : he would be very angry if I waited. ‘ Do as you please,’ is his maxim ; and in this I obey him strictly.”

Barclay had nothing further to object to their beginning ; and they conversed on indifferent subjects, until the servants, having placed the wine and dessert on the table, had retired. He now renewed the conversation respecting Master Stephen, and inquired whether Mr. Buckle was not jealous of it ?

“ He ! ” she cried—“ he jealous ! he is jealous of nothing he possesses : novelty is his deity : he is at this moment in pursuit of some new game. My tenure here is so uncertain, that as I learn that my Werter has got a fortune of his own, I believe I shall not let him die in despair.”

“ Do

“Do you think he would go off with you?” said Barclay.

“At a moment’s notice,” she replied, “I am sure he would.”

“But he seems attached to Miss Penelope.”

“Ah! Mr. Temple, I see you do not understand these things so well as I do. He thinks she loves him; but he is really and truly in love with me: still, however, I understand that Miss Penelope is very beautiful—is she so?”

“As an angel of light!”

“You speak warmly: are you interested in her welfare?”

“Since you have been so candid with me,” said Barclay, “I will tell you, that I would suffer death to preserve her from harm.”

“Then,” she replied, “beware of Mr. Buckle: he has a passion for her, and will snap her up, as sure as fate, if

you do not keep guard yourself, and caution her against him."

"Good God! is it possible," exclaimed Barclay, pressing his forehead with his hand.

"I know it to be true," she added.

"I thank—I thank you," said Barclay: then recollecting himself, he cried, "but pray do not let any one know I thank you thus: it will raise suspicion."

"Not in my breast," she replied, "for I am convinced of the fact. You love Miss Penelope: I will not betray."

Barclay caught her hand, and kissed it. "You are too good," said he, "to be reduced to the necessity of living with so bad a man."

"No, indeed, I have no title to goodness," she answered: "but he is not the less bad on that account. The place I hold, some one else would have held,

held, if I had not : but I have never thought well of him, since I saw in what manner he used his helpless, unoffending wife. I do not want feeling, Mr. Temple, though I need sense and virtue."

"Your feelings are noble," cried Barclay ; "and I am sure you would be glad to return to the paths of virtue."

"Indeed you are mistaken," said she ; "for I would not, in my present condition of mind, be virtuous for the world. My parents, though I acquit them of the intention, brought me up to be what I am : my passions are strong, and I have a zest for pleasure ; and to gratify these, I willingly renounce virtue, as to me a mere source of torment ; a door that shuts out all the sweets of life ; a lock that stops the current of enjoyment !"

"I ask pardon," said Barclay, "for using such words ; but this is the language

guage of an abandoned woman, and seems but ill to become one who appears to possess all her senses so well as yourself."

"You mistake again," she replied; "for I do not possess all my senses. A woman's prime sense, is the sense of shame; and I have long been a stranger to that. I am, indeed, an abandoned woman; but do not condemn me from appearances; do not blame the soil for producing a bad crop, when it has been sowed with unwholesome seed. I was going to tell you my story," continued she, smiling; "but you look so sad, that I won't tease you with it."

"I cannot help looking sad," cried Barclay, "when I see so much talent swallowed up by vice and infamy, which might, with proper cultivation, have made you the ornament and glory of your sex. As a favour, I entreat you to proceed."

"My

“ My father,” said *Madame*, “ was a silk-mercier, and lived in the Minories, where he had, by slow degrees, acquired a considerable property. He was the very reverse of my mother ; who, though not much indebted to art, was by nature a mild and good-tempered woman ; while he was coarse to vulgarity, and in his own little state, tyrannical to cruelty. By my mother he had two children, myself, and a son who preceded me by two years. Although I was the favourite with my father, yet I did not escape the cruel severity of his disposition. I believe I am naturally ingenuous ; for I never told a lie after I was not fearful of being chastized for telling the truth, when I had done any thing wrong. Indeed it seems to me, that parents are to blame, for beating children for candidly acknowledging that they have done amiss, especially when the error is accidental : they surely are ;

for such conduct encourages falsehood, which offers itself as the only means of escape. It was that to which my brother and I constantly resorted, and that perforce ; for, in his passion, our father would always beat us until we confessed (often merely to put an end to our misery), that we had done that of which he unjustly accused us. He never ceased to beat as long as we persevered, although in the truth ; and when we did own that he was in the right, he not unfrequently continued his barbarity, as a punishment for what he obliged us to say we had done. My suffering was trifling to what my brother endured. My mother was our only consolation : she wept over us, and, in his absence, did every thing to comfort us under our affliction. My brother, finding no abatement of my father's ill-treatment, often threatened to run away from him, but was repeatedly dis-

dissuaded from it by the entreaties of his mother. He was now fourteen, when one day, for some inconsiderable neglect, my father promised, when he returned from a place to which he had occasion to send him, that he would flay him alive: my brother knew that he would be as good as his word, and never came back again; nor did we ever hear of him afterwards.

“He had been my mother’s favourite; and she was almost inconsolable for his loss. My father, too, repented of having driven him away; and I derived some advantage from it, as I was never after beaten so much as I had been. My father was at this period getting up in the world, and I being apparently his only child, he resolved to *educate me well*, as he called it; and by this he meant to send me to a boarding-school.

“ I was consequently taken from my doll, to be sent to a young lady’s boarding-school in the environs of London, where I learnt a little French, more vice, no religion, and a great deal of impudence; so that, though only twelve when I went, I had not been there a year, before I was instructed by my companions to ogle the men; and instead of my wooden doll, to begin to think of a living one.

“ When I returned home for the holidays, I looked with contempt on my mother, whose education had been of the most homely kind; and *only* courted my father, that I might be allowed to do whatever I pleased. That I might not lose what I had obtained at school, a sort of governess was provided for me at home; a woman who taught such things, as I am even now ashamed to repeat. My father, too, was, as I have
ob-

observed, a very coarse man, in every thing he did or said: at dinner, or while smoaking his pipe with some old crony in the evening, he did not scruple to crack his indecent jokes, or to converse and act in such a loose and obscene manner, as could not fail of corrupting a mind less ready to receive corruption than mine; which was roused by numberless excitements to know every thing that it should not know. As a good child, I attended to every thing my father said.

“ To school I always returned with a great accession of knowledge, gathered from my governess, and the other servants, with whom I was suffered to associate. This knowledge, or infection, soon spread amongst us; and, like tainted sheep, we contaminated each other, without knowing what we did.

“ After I had had more than four years of this *excellent* education, I was sent

for by my father, to take my mother's place, who had died suddenly. This was no disagreeable intelligence to a thoughtless young girl, who had long wished to get rid of the trammels of a boarding-school. However, I had soon reason not to be much pleased at my enlargement ; for I had not been home a month, before my father formed a connection with our servant-maid, and exalted her to the honours of a *sitting* at our table. The scenes that were now constantly presented to my eyes, were of a kind too indelicate to describe. At this time, my father, at whom I still trembled, when he was serious, not only proposed a rich friend of his, a lickerish-toothed old fellow, to me in marriage, but insisted, in the same breath, that I should instantly consent to it. I consequently underwent the courtship of a filthy dotard, whose age was nearly five times as much as mine, I being some-
 thing

thing more than sixteen, and he almost eighty. However, having been told at school, that when I was married I might with safety do whatever I pleased, and being in great terror of my father, I agreed to marry him. But it is impossible to conceive how I loathed and detested him.

“ It was then, and it is still, my opinion, that 'tis unnatural and shameful for old men to wed young girls: 'tis unjust too. They have, or might have had, the females that were young when they were young, and should allow their sons the same advantage. I was resolved to give it them: and it cannot be imagined, that, after the *fashionable education*, and the *pains my father had taken to purify my morals*, I could condescend to pine away in the arms of age and impotence. I have somewhere read, that ‘conjugal fidelity is always greater, in proportion as marriages are
more

more numerous, and less difficult : but when the interest or pride of families, or paternal authority, not the inclination of the parties, unites the sexes, gallantry soon breaks the slender ties, in spite of common moralists who exclaim against the effect, whilst they pardon the cause.' Such was exactly my predicament; and my husband, who was in business, having a handsome youth for a clerk, notwithstanding all the watchful jealousy of imbecile age, *the slender ties* that bound us were soon dissolved. Owing to his thirst after wealth, he was obliged to attend daily at several places where his presence was necessary—then, Voltaire, were thy verses verified :

Que de dangers on essuie en amour !
On ris-que hélas ! dès qu'on quitte sa belle,
D'être cocu deux ou trois fois par jour *.

* *La Pucelle d'Orleans, Chant, 4.*

What

What dangers are we not subject to in love!
 Whenever we quit our wives, we run the risk,
 Alas! of being cuckolded two or three times
 a day.

“ You need not be surprized at my quoting Voltaire’s *Pucelle d’Orleans* : it was one of the least exceptionable of those books my governess gave me secretly to take to school, to read in private, for the sake of instructing myself in the French language. I can repeat the last canto by heart, and so could half my school-fellows. I was always fond of reading, and have read much in my time. At school, however, the only book I perused of my accord, that was not professedly obscene, though otherwise sufficiently so, was Mrs. Wollstonecraft Godwin’s *Rights of Women* ; and I consider myself not a little indebted to it, for the assistance it afforded me in forming my mind for the *liberal profession* I follow.”

Ma-

Madame was going on with the events of her life, when they were interrupted by a servant, who informed them that the tea and coffee were ready. Barclay being asked, and refusing to take any more wine, they quitted table, and, passing into another room, seated themselves on a sofa, when she resumed her narrative: but, to employ the words of Ariosto, and, at the same time, those of his most singular translator,

Ne l'altro canto differisco il resto;
Che tempo è ormai Signor di finir questo.

Orlando Furioso, cant. 17, end.

For t' other *Chapter* I the rest postpone,
As long while since, 'tis time, Sir, this was
done. HUGGINS.

C H A P. III.

Why cuckolds are like snails.—The parties ousted.—A man who got both by living and dying.—City bucks like the sun.—A villanous advertisement.—Why prostitutes are like good carpenters.—Madame's two beaux sent on their travels.—Her misery.—A stratagem.—An elopement.—The knowing one taken in; and many other things that I have not mentioned.

“MY intimacy with my husband's clerk,” continued the narrator, “was very well known to every body, but the person who certainly took the most pains to discover whether any thing of the kind existed. The snail, we are told,

told, carries his eyes on the tips of his horns ; and I believe cuckolds do the same : mine certainly did, or he would have seen his long before. At length, however, coming home one day unexpectedly, he caught us in each other's arms. He commonly wore spectacles ; but though he was without them at this moment, he was not so blind as to be unable to see sufficiently clear what was going on, and consequently to turn us both out of the house. My education had never taught me, that there was any such thing as disgrace or dishonour ; and feeling no qualms of conscience, I was rather pleased at it than otherwise : indeed, I felt all the pleasure of a bird liberated from a cage. My *cher ami* continued true ; and having both some money, for one month we spent the happiest time of our lives.

“ Our finances, however, were soon at a low ebb. My husband would have
nothing

nothing to say to me. I then, by letter, applied to my *honour'd father*. My step-mother, for so our maid-servant now was, had subjected him so entirely to her will, that I presently received an answer, full of affected horror at the immorality of my conduct, which was made the plea to refuse to do any thing for me, or ever to see me more. My only alternative now, was to run in debt, and leave my *Hubby* to pay the piper. I did so as long as I could, and the bills were all carried to him, which, added to his advanced age, in a very short period consigned his bones to moulder with his father's.

“ During his life he was always getting, and even by his death he got something, for he got——rid of me. I however was a loser, for he left me nothing; and I lost a husband who was so far useful, that he stood between me and the *lock-up* houses, which was of no
little

little service, in the present state of my affairs.

“ I was still fond of my friend ; and I believe his regard for me would have been undiminished, if want had not stared us in the face, and nearly frightened his love away. For our mutual happiness, therefore, it was thought best to part, but so to part, as to be often together afterwards.

“ I had frequently received offers from several young men, to take me into keeping. I now threw myself in their way, and met with one who exactly suited my purpose : he was the son of a very opulent trader in the city, who, as he was just entering the world, kept a very strict eye over him, but otherwise denied him no indulgence. He had plenty of money ; and that was all I required of him.

“ Taking very elegant apartments for me at the court end of the town, he
came

came to visit me every evening ; but, fearing his father's anger, he was obliged to return home by one o'clock ; so that he might be said to imitate the glorious sun in his course ; for he rose in the east, and set in the west.

“ His back was no sooner turned, than my friend usurped his place. I hated my keeper, and made him pay dearer for every favour I granted him, than if he had been a stranger. I don't know how it was, but the more he gave me, the more I disliked him. He was profuse in his gifts ; all of which I squandered on my old lover.

“ Nothing now interfered with my happiness but his visits, which I was obliged to endure. I had no children ; but, thanks to those scoundrels who advertise their medicines for various complaints, and who, with villanous arts, insinuate that they *must not* be taken during pregnancy, as they will *infallibly*
prevent

prevent it, I could, had there been any symptoms, have soon dispersed them. However, I believe that ladies of my profession are not, in general, troubled with children; for, according to the old proverb, ‘the best carpenters make the fewest chips.’

“This golden age did not last for ever: my exorbitant demands, and my young gentleman’s readiness to oblige me, at length excited his father’s curiosity. He discovered the cause; and I lost my keeper, who was instantly sent abroad.

“The spoils that remained were considerable; and I and my friend lived on them until they were exhausted. I was shortly afterwards deprived of him: the habits of indolence, dissipation, and every other vice, which he had acquired by living with me, left him no relish to pursue the plodding path of life to which he was reared. Our purse was
emptied;

emptied ; and, to replenish it, he one day, unknown to me, took his horse and committed a highway robbery ; for which he was apprehended, and in due time, as a reward for his labours, sent to travel at the expence of his country.

“ After this, I experienced a sad reverse of fortune, from which I was, however, occasionally raised, but only raised that I might sink the deeper. Calamities of every kind assailed me, and

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips*.

But I had no good principles in my bosom ; no fear of an hereafter, no shame ! My misery and wretchedness therefore only served to harden me, and to drive me to every sort of profligacy and prostitution. Thus I passed ten

* Shakspeare's Othello.

years

years of my life; sometimes courted by the rich, and decked in all the gaudy trappings of prodigality; at others, herding with squalid wretchedness, scarcely covered by a many-coloured garb; that truly bespoke

‘Variety of woe.’

But I was inured to vice, even from my infancy; and notwithstanding the worst, and though I saw hundreds sinking beneath their calamities, my spirits never failed me.

“No one, not even my father, I was sure, cared any thing for me; nor could I feel any affection for such a man. I know I did not; for when most pressed by want and misery, I would have rather borne them all, than have accepted an asylum beneath his roof. His grossness had destroyed all my respect for him, and his cruelty to me and my brother,

brother, had implanted in my breast a lasting abhorrence of him.

“ At a juncture of the latter description, when I knew not whether I should gain my daily food, I accidentally heard that my father was dead. My step-mother had died before him, but not till she had ruined his fortune. However, there were still some hundreds left, which my father, on his death-bed, not having time to dispose of, came necessarily to me. I instantly forgot all that was past, and gaily set out a-fresh. Not because I grieved for my loss, but for the sake of appearances, I furnished myself with some elegant suits of mourning; and it being then high season at Bath, I went thither with an old lady, whose respectability (as it is too often the case) was entirely owing to the money which accommodated her with a sober dress, fit for the character she was to perform, namely, my mother.

“ It is now about two years ago, and I was affecting the modest with very good success, when I caught the attention of Mr. Buckle, who was passing some weeks at Bath. He was after me incessantly ; at length, with excessive persuasion, I agreed to elope with him. The hour was fixed : his own chaise and four in waiting (the one you must have seen, for it is always at his door). I paid *my mother* handsomely for her trouble ; and at midnight the gallant Mr. Buckle received me out of a one-pair of stairs window, and, on the wings of love, brought me, after we had been together for a week, to this house ; and here I have been ever since. Love is, to be sure, as blind as a beetle. With all his experience, he never discovered that he had caught a tartar instead of a virgin ; and he only neglects me for the same reason he neglects every other woman——satiety. Where this may
end,

end, however, I cannot tell; therefore I don't know but I shall let Master Stephen, my Werter, run away with me also ; and, when we are married, I shall be once more safe, and can begin the world again."

Here *Madame* ceased to speak. Barclay lamented the depravity of her mind, which, originating from the faults of her parents, was now " so braz'd by damned custom," as to leave little or no hopes of reformation.

He therefore wasted no breath in preaching to her the laws of morality and religion, as he saw she had never been taught to acknowledge their authority, and did not conceive that they had any claim to her obedience. His thoughts, too, were entirely engrossed by what he had heard of Mr. Buckle's passion for Penelope ; and his prophetic mind stored his imagination with

images full of terror, and not devoid of truth.

He had much to suffer, and the evil hour was not far distant.

C H A P. IV.

Why the author won't even venture to guess at the cause of Madame's kindness to Barclay.—A message from Mr. Buckle.—Reason for a man's getting tired of his wife.—A strange speech for a great moralist.—Employment for Barclay.—How he acts on hearing what it is.—An anonymous letter.—Barclay in great perplexity.

HAVING confessed so much to each other, Barclay did not leave *Madame* without a promise of mutual secrecy. Love was not in the catalogue of her vices ; but the figure, and pleasing manners of our hero, had inspired her with that kind of regard, that would

have induced her to do any thing to serve him. He entreated it, and she assured him that she would take care that he should be acquainted with whatever measures she could learn Mr. Buckle was about to take, with respect to Penelope. What reward *Madame* expected for this kindness, I cannot say, and I am sure I will not attempt to guess; for, if I did, I know I should have my old lady about my ears in a very short time; therefore, as I love peace, I shall be silent.

The next day, Monsieur l'Abbè waited on Barclay with Mr. Buckle's compliments, ' dat he vas ver sorry dat he no return home to diner, and demand de honneur of Monsieur's companie, ven ever he vas make it agreable."

Barclay could not avoid receiving the Abbè a little coolly, owing to his suspicions of him; however, he returned
a po-

a polite answer to Mr. Buckle, resolving to make his visits there as frequent as possible, that he might discover any machinations carrying on against the peace of Penelope, and consequently against his happiness.

His alarm, on account of Mr. Buckle, was so great, as almost to make him forget that he had any thing to apprehend from Von Heim; but the time was fast approaching, when all those fears which he had long been smothering with hope, would burst out with redoubled strength.

He soon re-visited Mr. Buckle; and being always treated with the greatest ease and freedom, he ventured, once when they were alone, to mention Mrs. Buckle.

“She is all amiable,” said Barclay; “and you, Mr. Buckle, are a man of so much sensibility, that I wonder how you could ever avoid loving her.”

“ ‘Faith, I don’t know,’ he replied :
“ she’s well enough to strangers, to be
sure ; but if you knew her as well as my-
self, you would not wonder as you do.”

“ In what can she have offended ?”
said Barclay.

“ Why, there’s no novelty in her !”
he rejoined : “ its always the old thing
over again.”

“ Fie !” cried Barclay—“ I am sur-
prized to hear a man of your sense talk
in that manner.”

“ Begad, it’s true !” he exclaimed ;
“ but come, I’ll give you other reasons
—her temper’s bad.”

“ Really !” said Barclay. “ You
cannot be in earnest, Sir !—Is it pos-
sible that Mrs. Buckle could ever put
herself in a passion, and use unbecom-
ing language to you ?”

“ Why, no, no, I did not say that,”
he replied ; “ but she was always pro-
voking me.”

“ By

“ By what ?” inquired Barclay.

“ By her mildness,” said he. She never made any reply, and bore all I said and did without complaining, and that made me mad.”

“ And do you call that a bad temper?” Barclay asked, looking at him.

He paused a moment, and then cried, “ ’Faith perhaps I am wrong there. But that’s only one thing.”

“ I should be glad to hear the rest,” said Barclay.

He now proceeded, advancing a number of ridiculous reasons, of which Barclay easily shewed him the futility, till at last Mr. Buckle, who took every thing in good part, was obliged to confess that he did not know why he had agreed to part with her, unless Barclay would allow the validity of what he had advanced before, “ that there was no novelty in her, which, tho’ you may think

lightly of, has," said he, "such weight with me, as I cannot surmount."

He submitted the more readily to this lecture from Barclay, because the time, according to the consultation he had had with the Abbè, was now ripe, either to make use of Barclay, or to get him out of the way. Mr. Buckle being in the house with Penelope, might be of great service to him, when his confidant let him know that he strongly suspected that our hero was himself attached to her. It was consequently resolved that Mr. Buckle should sound him.

After the freedom he had taken, by interfering with his concerns, Mr. Buckle thought he might in his turn use a little liberty with him. Pursuing the subject therefore, he said, as if making him his friend :

"To tell you the truth, Mr. Temple—I know I may trust you with any thing—

thing—I am by nature, or perhaps by habit, too much addicted to libertinism.”

“ If you would firmly resolve to reform,” replied Barclay, “ nothing would contribute more to it than such a wife as Mrs. Buckle.”

“ Are you my friend ?” said he.

“ I would willingly be so,” he answered ; “ but how can I be the firm friend of a man whose actions I disapprove ?”

“ Will you be my friend, if I promise to take back my wife ?”

“ Assuredly I will.”

“ Then,” said he, “ I will ; but not at present ; and I must first experience your friendship.”

“ With pleasure,” cried Barclay warmly ; “ in such a cause, with pleasure—how can I serve you ?”

“ Oh greatly !” replied Mr. Buckle.

“ I know,” continued he, “ that vulgar

morality is much against debauching women, and I must own that it appears wrong, when they are afterwards left to want ; but when they are provided for, I can see no harm in it."

This was put in the form of a question, but it was no sooner finished, than Barclay's mind was so taken up with the recollection of his father's words as he lay on his death-bed, that he remained in mute consideration. Seeing this, Mr. Buckle continued.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Temple?"

"Both bad—both very bad!" he exclaimed.

"Come, come," said Mr. Buckle, "you are more serious than the case requires. A *great moralist* has told us, that 'whoremonger is a dealer in whores, as ironmonger is a dealer in iron;' but as you don't call a man an ironmonger for buying and selling a penknife, so
you

you don't call a man a whoremonger for getting one wench with child." *

" But he is something worse !" cried Barclay. " However, I thought, Sir, that you were going to employ me in doing you some service?"

" So I am, if you will do it," he replied ; " and I know you will, for I am sure, however you may think it necessary to affect it while you are at the parsonage, you despise the cant of morality as much as myself. To be brief then—I love Penelope."

Barclay's whole frame shook as he spoke.

" Assist me to obtain her," continued he, " and I will do whatever you desire."

Our hero started from his seat—his eyes flashed fire. He was unable to conceal his swelling indignation, and yet incapable of giving it utterance : as if

* Boswell of Johnson.

beset by fiends, he rushed into the hall, seized his hat, and hurried out of the house.

Till he had nearly reached his home, Barclay had not sufficiently recovered his reason and recollection to perceive that he had so given way to his indignant feelings, as might lead Mr. Buckle to suspect his love to Penelope. However, on reflection, he hoped that he might ascribe his conduct entirely to his resentment at his supposing him capable of undertaking such a degrading task as he had proposed. But he deceived himself; for the Abbè was summoned immediately after his departure, and every circumstance being related to him, he found in them all, a corroboration of what he had imagined. He had now an opportunity of gratifying the dislike he entertained for our hero. His advice was at any rate to remove him, which Mr. Buckle approved. Several plans were

were proposed, and at last it was resolved to begin with a letter to Von Heim, to whom the Abbè knew the Parson had plighted Penelope, and by rousing his jealousy, to create a contention between the friends, during which they might carry off the prize. An anonymous letter was consequently dispatched, and it succeeded but too well, in speedily performing one part of what they wished.

Not many days had passed over Barclay's head, which he had spent in a continual state of tribulation and wild uncertainty of mind, when, sitting one evening with Gregory, he received a note from the parsonage, from which he had been absent ever since the forenoon, having dined by invitation at Mr. George Pawlet's. The servant did not wait for an answer. Barclay cast his eye on the direction, and perceived that it was the parson's hand-writing. He knew not
where-

wherefore, but his heart misgave him as he broke the seal, and to his exceeding surprize read the following lines :

“ SIR,

“ It is with great pain that I am compelled to forbid your return to my house. I confess that I had a great regard for you, and I thought you worthy all my esteem. I grieve to find it otherwise. My judgment is no hasty one, nor one that can be easily set aside.— Mr. Von Heim is now here, and taxes you with the basest ingratitude. His accusation has been confirmed by lips that never yet deceived me.

“ JAMES PAWLET.”

“ P. S. Your clothes will be delivered to any messenger you may send for them.”

Barclay was petrified as he read, and dropping the letter from his hand, remained

mained as unmoved as a statue, until Gregory, alarmed at his appearance, snatched up the paper, and having perused it, roused him from his trance with an oath.

“Damn him, I always feared this!” he exclaimed.

“Feared what?” Barclay inquired.

“That Mr. Von Heim would one day do you harm. I never told you so before,” said he, “but I always disliked that cloudy look of his. I was sure —

“Silence!” cried Barclay, peremptorily. I will not listen to any insinuations unfavourable to Keppel.”

Gregory was dumb.

“There is some mistake here,” continued he, “or some diabolical scheme to ruin my character where I would be the most valued. I cannot, cannot imagine— But go, Gregory,” said he, breaking off—“go to the parsonage, as if you
went

went for my trunks, and learn whatever you can about this mysterious business."

Gregory obeyed, leaving Barclay in a state of distracting doubt and perplexity.

C H A P. V.

An arrival.—The alarm given.—Penelope's conduct.—Mrs. Pawlet's.—She puts ingratitude in a new light.—Her advice to Keppel.—Anger—Love—Jealousy: their effects.—Penelope compared to a loadstone.—What all mankind are in pursuit of.—A letter from Von Heim.—Barclay's reply.—The consequence.—The merchant's behaviour.—An outpost gives notice of an attack.—How they treated the enemy.

IN about half an hour Gregory returned loaded, pitiably loaded—his back with trunks, and his heart with affliction. From Penelope's maid he had gathered

gathered every circumstance of what had passed.

It appeared that Von Heim had arrived very unexpectedly at the parsonage, during Barclay's absence. His sudden visit was occasioned by the anonymous letter, which he no sooner received, than he set out for the Parson's, full of rage and anger. His dark countenance wore an unusual gloom, which Mr. Pawlet quickly perceived at his entrance, and was as speedily informed of that which occasioned it. The Parson, however, could not believe all the vile insinuations contained in the letter, to the prejudice of Barclay, accusing him of using every deceitful art to gain Penelope's affections, and to alienate her love from Von Heim. He would not believe indeed, that any thing but friendship existed between them, and begged Keppel to calm his ruffled mind, and to rest

rest assured that she was as much devoted to him as ever.

“ We must put that to the proof ! ” said Keppel. “ Let me hear it from her own mouth, otherwise I will not believe it. Oh ! he has acted a villain’s part ! ”

“ Nay, nay, ” replied the Parson, “ don’t think so severely of him. Pen. shall set all right again. ”

Penelope was now summoned to appear. She came, and with artless innocence, not knowing to deceive, confessed her love, and wept.

“ There ! ” cried Keppel, his eye lowring as he spoke—“ there, Sir, is your exculpation ! I knew how it was. ”

The Parson fixed his eyes on Heaven, and, with his hands uplifted, stood unable to utter a word.

“ This is friendship ! ” continued he. “ He was my friend : I loved him as I
love

love——Ah, much more than I love myself! I sent him here, seeking to do him every kindness in my power; and this is the return he makes—treacherous, deceitful, ungrateful man!”

The Parson was still lost in astonishment.

“And you, too,” added he, turning round to her as she was sitting with her handkerchief to her eyes—“you too, Penelope, who have been so long plighted to me, to serve me thus! Whatever affection you may otherwise feel for him, his ingratitude to me, and to Mr. Pawlet, for the friendly asylum he has given him, should cancel it all. He is not worthy of your esteem!”

“You wrong him,” muttered Penelope, indistinctly—“you do—he is, he is, indeed!” Saying this, she left the room, blind with tears.

“Unhappy man that I am,” exclaimed the Parson, “what have I done to
deserve

deserve this calamity? I could not have thought he could have been so ungrateful!"

Here Mrs. Pawlet entered, and being very inquisitive to know all about what had happened, was soon informed of it by Von Heim. Tho' much attached, and very loth to part with her amanuensis, she could not avoid siding with Keppel.

"Nothing shocks me so much," said she, "as ingratitude. Among the Persians, I recollect Xenophon tells us, that every one who was found guilty of ingratitude was punished. No crime is greater. It destroys all the ties, and better impulses of our nature. To shew its heinousness, I shall put it in a new point of view. I contend that there is no *natural* affection in the breasts of children towards their parents. What is called natural affection, is nothing but gratitude—gratitude to the mother for
having

having borne and suckled them; to the father for having reared and supported them. If so, what a sin must be ingratitude? No less than that at which our nature recoils, and which is known by the terms *want of natural affection*."

As this speech was in Keppel's favour, he listened to it with attention; and after deducing something from it to the disadvantage of Barclay, he insisted on Mr. Pawlet's sitting down and writing the letter which has already appeared. The Parson could not refuse; and whilst he was employed in preparing it, Keppel walked about the room in great and evident agitation of mind, often expressing his anger by short ejaculations. Mrs. Pawlet seeing this, thought proper to give him a little advice respecting his present situation. She consequently said:

"I beg Mr. Von Heim, that you would not give way to anger: you are
not

not probably aware of the evils occasioned by it: "Ecchymoses, hæmorrhages, apoplexies, great distension of the heart, ruptured cicatrices of wounds, local inflammations; profuse perspirations, vomiting, and diarrhœa,' have all been produced by it."

Keppel made no reply.

"Neither give way," continued she, "to the passions of love or jealousy. Too great desire, Haller assures us, may, by causing irregular motions of the heart, produce an aneurism of the aorta; and jealousy will sometimes bring on a spasm on the biliary ducts, and throw the bile into the circulation."

By the time Mrs. Pawlet had finished her medical admonitions, the Parson had written his note, which Keppel approving, was dismissed.

After a messenger was dispatched with the letter, a silence prevailed, until it was interrupted by Mrs. Pawlet, who

gave a piece of advice which Von Heim thought expedient, and was of course put into effect ; for poor Mr. Pawlet was so absorbed in grief and distraction, that he suffered them to do what they pleased.

Mrs. Pawlet's advice was this : “ I know,” said she, “ that Penelope, in the present affair, like the loadstone, possesses the force of attraction ; but it is ascertained by experiment, that the loadstone itself, though it is the attractive power, will, when left loose in water, follow that which is kept from it. Now, if she is left loose, who knows that she may not follow Mr. Temple ?—therefore, I advise that she be locked in her room.”

When Gregory returned to Barclay, and imparted to him, though not thus minutely, what had taken place, he presently saw through all the arts that had been practised against him. However, the principal part of the anonymous

mous letter was true, and his conscience smote him, for having acted so imprudently as to keep it from his friend for such a length of time: he had not therefore to complain so much of the letter as he had of himself. He had deceived his friend, and could no longer depend on that friendship for the sacrifice he thought, or rather hoped, it might be induced to make in his favour, by relinquishing all claims to Penelope. His grief was excessive, but his love was unabated. Gregory swore, prayed, and consoled in vain: he abandoned himself to sorrow and despair. Still, in his despondent melancholy, Penelope dwelt in his heart; and the remembrance that she had confessed her love, would now and then illumine his mind with rays chearful to memory, as they cast a light on those happy hours that were gone by; but chearless and gloomy, as they at the same time but too clearly

exposed the dark and mournful prospect now before him.

The good, the bad, the king, the beggar, the robber, and the judge, are all engaged in the same pursuit, and *happiness* is the game which they, by various modes, endeavour to secure. But, alas! how many follow a wrong scent; how many are thrown out; how many fall in the chace; and how few are in at the taking of the object they pursue!—Barclay saw happiness in the shape of love; and though he was at a fault, he was resolved never to give up the pursuit.

It has been said, that Von Heim was as excessive and vehement in his hatred as in his friendship. Whenever he felt or conceived that he was injured, he was relentless and unforgiving. His regard for Barclay, however, had been so great, that he could not entirely shake it off, as will appear from the follow-

following letter, which our hero received from him some hours after Gregory's return.

“ BARCLAY,

“ Once we were what scarcely each quarter of the globe can boast of—two men with one heart : our joys, sorrows, pleasures, griefs, were one : that time is now no longer. You have injured my peace and happiness ; you have betrayed my friendship, and dishonoured yourself. Yet is there one way left, by which you may retrieve all : renounce every further thought of Penelope ! You know me, Barclay : you know me resolute, fixed, and immoveable ! Do this ; or may the earth sink beneath my feet, and Heaven forsake me, if we ever more are friends !

“ KEPPEL VON HEIM.”

“ P. S. If you treat my friendship so lightly as to refuse this, I caution

you now to hasten from my sight. Here are the means—I feel—but should I confess it? I feel that I would not have you want.”

Barclay perused this letter with the greatest agony of mind, but was not long before he wrote the subsequent reply :

“ KEPPEL,

“ Your conduct pierces me to the very soul. I would lose my life, rather than do you wrong. If you say that my love for Penelope does you wrong, you are unjust, for you ascribe to me what you should ascribe to fate. I had not the power to help loving—I have not the power to cease to love !

“ I return you your money, as I cannot descend to receive charity from one who is no longer my friend. Your friendship for me, Keppel, may waver,
but

but mine for you is rooted, and will last, in spite of all the accumulated injuries you may heap upon the head of him who never did aught, *wherein he himself was a free agent*, that could be construed into a violation of those sacred bonds of amity, which he has ever cherished, and held inestimably dear.

“ BARCLAY TEMPLE.”

Barclay's reply enraged Von Heim to such a degree, as to render his conduct alarming to the whole parsonage; the quiet, but not the peace, of which was, however, presently restored, by the absence of Von Heim, who left it suddenly the following morning. His intentions were not made known, but they were soon apparent.

Our hero knew not what plan to pursue. He was well aware, that he could not remain long in the village, and yet he was unable to leave it. Like a de-

parted spirit, he loved to haunt the abode of his former happiness.

Such a disturbance could not well happen any where without transpiring; but in a village, which cannot be better described, than as a monster all ear and all tongue, it was in a very short period the entire subject of conversation, from the garret to the kitchen, in every house throughout the place. It afforded a rich repast to the slander and malignity of Mrs. George Pawlet and her hopeful children, Miss Phyllis and Master Stephen.

The Merchant, however, took it in a very different light, and was fearful of losing Barclay, whose manners and counsel had won greatly on his affection. He sent for him, and taking him aside, desired to be informed of the truth of the whole affair.

“What I have heard,” said he, “I have heard from my wife and Phyllis ;
but

but I am too much your friend, and too well convinced of your honour, to believe the infamous story they have trumped up on the occasion. Tell me the truth, and rely on my friendship."

Barclay stated to him every circumstance of what had happened, concluding by saying, that he should consider no sacrifice too great to make, for his friend's happiness; no, not even his love for Penelope, if it were possible—"but it is not!" said he. "I have it not in my power to say, I will love her no more!"

The Merchant having listened to his simple story, took him by the hand, and promised him his protection. Though a man, as I have said, whose attachment to money was so great, as nearly to deserve the name of avarice, Mr. Pawlet was so partial to our hero, that he then offered to furnish him with a room in his house; and shortly after-

ward, gave him a still greater proof of his generosity.

One day, while he was conversing with the Merchant in his private chamber, they heard somebody running up the stairs, in not the lightest manner, and presently a hasty rap was given at the door. Permission was scarcely allowed to enter, when Gregory burst into the room, his eyes rolling in his head, and his countenance big with some important, and not very agreeable, intelligence.

“I beg pardon, Sir; I hope you’ll excuse my boldness,” said he, bowing to Mr. Pawlet; “but——but——” Here he turned to Barclay: “Sir, you must fly directly.”

“Fly!” repeated Barclay.

“Yes, Sir—yes, the bailiffs are after you: I saw, I spoke to ’em this instant.”

“Oh, Keppel, Keppel!” Barclay exclaimed, shaking his head.

Ah,

“ Ah, d—n him !” cried Gregory, “ I knew——”

“ Peace, Sir !” interrupted Barclay with severity : “ I have told you of this before—let me not hear you talk thus again. But come, say what you know, that I may act accordingly.”

“ Whilst I was sitting in my shop, two men came in, and inquired for you. I asked their business. ‘ As to our business,’ said one, ‘ that’s no business of yours : we want him, that’s all.’— ‘ Ay,’ cried the other, ‘ and we’ll have him too.’—I then instantly began to suspect what they were after ; so I said, indeed I can’t tell where he is gone at present, but I know he’ll be here in about half an hour ; and if you’ll leave any message, I’ll tell him. ‘ Very well,’ was their answer, and they left the shop. I followed them with my eye, and seeing them enter the Red Lion, as I suppose to wait for your return, I set in-

stantaneously to give you notice. Now you may either stay or go, which you like. If you wish to stay, I must go back, and I'll be bound for it, I'll soon get some one to help me to lick 'em, so that they sha'n't be able to come abroad for a week ; but if you choose to go, I'll take care of your things, and follow you as speedily as possible."

While Barclay was musing on what he should do, the Merchant shewed his esteem, by generously offering to bail him ; for which he had Gregory's blessing, not only in his words, but in his heart.

This, however, Barclay, always fearful of dependance, positively refused.

" No," said he, " that I cannot agree to ; but your kindness, Sir, will nevertheless live in my memory. It will be best for me to go. I know that I can soon get out of this county ; and I shall then be free from the writ these fellows
have

have out against me. You, Gregory, will take care of my trunks, and you say you will come to me——.”

“ Yes !”

“ But you must return.”

“ I'll be——”

“ Don't swear,” interrupted Barclay;
“ you shall do as you please.”

Our hero found himself abandoned by all, and wanting some one to support him, he could not refuse Gregory's offer. There was now not a moment to be lost. He told Gregory the village he should stop at, and shaking the Merchant by the hand, hurried, by his directions, through the garden to a back lane, which led him a near way into the road he was about to take.

C H A P. VI.

The author vindicates himself.—The danger of using the word pedantry, and of expressing a dislike to the Classics.—How Barclay travelled.—Gregory's account of what happened after his master left him.—Who the bailiffs arrest.—Gregory's advice to them.—What he brought from the village.—What he undertakes to do.—How Barclay employs himself during Gregory's absence.—Gregory's success.—How they acted afterwards.—The advantages of London.

HERE I stop! I will not budge an inch further, until I have vindicated myself against a charge which I have
some

some *presentiment* may be unjustly brought to my prejudice. It should have been advanced before, perhaps; however, as it's rather impudent, the reader will in all probability think it comes quite soon enough.

There may be folks who will object to my having introduced several classical quotations which they are unable to expound; and some will call it too great a display of learning; others, less liberal, pedantry; by which word something not very different from the terms ass and fool are commonly signified. But let me ask these good-natured critical ignorant souls, whether they do not often meet with pages, and whole chapters, in works of this description, which, tho' written professedly in their mother tongue, are perfectly Greek to them? Surely I have a right to possess my unintelligible parts as well as other authors of my stamp; and I think that my unintelligible Greek

is

is better than their unintelligible English, since I can answer for mine being *sense*, altho' they do not comprehend it.

Before I conclude this argument, I shall just observe, that the word *pedantry* would not be in such frequent use, were people to recollect, that to employ that term reflects as much, if not more, on the user of it, than on the person to whom it is applied, as it instantly proclaims his ignorance.*—for to talk learnedly to the learned, is no more pedantry, than it was pedantry in Diogenes to talk Greek to Alexander.

It was now the month of June, and Barclay had set out with a very heavy heart, to avoid his pursuers; feeling, however, much less pleasure in escaping

* “ He that admires not ancient authors, betrays a secret he would conceal, and tells the world that he does not understand them.”—Dr. YOUNG.

from

from them, than he did pain at being compelled to abandon Penelope.

“ Well, well,” cried he, “ unhappy as I am, my unhappiness does not arise from guilt : my mind is conscious of its rectitude : I have done no harm to any man ; and surely I cannot have offended God, by loving one of the fairest of his creatures ; the most perfect of his works.”

In such reflections he made his way over the hills—

— *transvectus equo cui nomina TEN-TOES,**

casting “ a lingering look behind,” as he descended, and lost sight of the vale that contained all his treasure—as he tore himself from it, hope seemed to desert him, and he proceeded on his

* Transported on a horse whose name was TEN-TOES. See the last of the “ Panegyricke Verses” on CORYAT’S CRUDITIES, 1611.

way,

way, a prey to gloomy melancholy—there was no joy in his heart! His prospects were all blasted, and his tormenting mind (to use the words of the best of our modern poets) pictured to him nothing

But black reserves of unexhausted pains,
And sad successive scenes of length'ning woe.*

After travelling till late in the evening, he arrived in the village at which he had appointed Gregory to meet him. Taking up his abode at the only place of entertainment the spot afforded, he ordered some supper, but, worn out with fatigue of mind and body, he was unable to remain up until it was ready; inquiring, therefore, for his room, he retired to rest.

Rising the next day somewhat refreshed, he patiently awaited the com-

* See Poems, Epistolary, Lyric, and Elegiacal, by the Rev. Thomas Maurice, A. M. p. 86.

ing of Gregory, who made his appearance about dinner time, in a little cart with one horse, which he had hired for the purpose of conveying their baggage. Barclay was pleased to see him, but his pleasure was very inferior to Gregory's, who never was happier in his life, nor ever wished to be more so. He had been engaged in the service of Barclay, and was now to live with him—he required no more.

Having unloaded the cart, and paid the man for his trouble, Barclay was anxious to know what had passed in his absence. Gregory was very ready to inform him, but desired, as he was in his master's presence, for whom he never lost his respect, to stand during the recital. This Barclay would not consent to, seeing that his ill-timed attention would subject him to the ridicule of the people of the house; he therefore insisted on his sitting, adding, that if
they

they continued together, they must appear upon terms of greater familiarity. Gregory, ever obedient, took his seat, but at an awful distance, and began his relation.

“ After you were gone, Sir,” said he, “ the first thing I did, was to go about disposing of my shop. Here Mr. George Pawlet was of great service to me : he is not much liked in the neighbourhood ; but, nevertheless, I am sure he is a worthy man, owing to his being so friendly to you. I could not have got rid of all my goods so soon as I wished, if it had not been for him. Seeing how I was situated, he gave me what they cost me, and took upon himself the trouble of selling them afterwards, as well as he could.

“ Well, Sir, while I was packing up what I had to take away, the bailiffs paid me another visit, and inquired whether you were returned. Knowing
you

you were safe, I was resolved to give them as good as they brought : so, said I, what's your business here, my friends ? Does either of you want to be shaved ? D——n 'em, I wish they would have let me shaved them ! High words soon followed, and I was just going to attack 'em, when the neighbours came in and parted us ; and one of them telling the scoundrels that you were at Mr. George Pawlet's, they instantly set off in search of you. Towards the evening, I strolled up the parsonage, in hopes to see Miss Penelope's maid, and to get some intelligence to comfort you. As I was returning, who should I again meet but the two bailiffs, lugging along Master Stephen ; whom it seems, not knowing your person, they had taken for you, and finding him coming out of the Merchant's house, had seized him, not in the least heeding his protestations that he was not Mr. Temple.

“ The

“The moment he saw me, he began humming a tune, and presently claimed my acquaintance, desiring me to say he was not the man they took him for. Now I knew he wasn’t over-fond of you, so, d—n him! I said I did not know him, and desired the bailiffs not to be *bumbugged* by him, or by any body who might pretend he was not the man they wanted. Away they took him; and when I left the place this morning, Mrs. George Pawlet was making a sad hue-and-cry after him in the village, but all to no end, for they had carried him off.”

“No harm will come to him,” said Barclay, “and the delay will be of some service to us. But did not you say you sauntered near the parsonage, in hopes of getting some news to bring me? Without success, I suppose.”

“No, not so; I have got something here I received from Miss Penelope’s maid,”

maid," replied Gregory, his eyes glistening with pleasure as he drew a letter from his pocket, which he knew would afford Barclay some comfort.

"Give, give it me!" cried our hero, snatching it from him. "Why didn't you give it me before?" Seeing Penelope's writing, he almost devoured the paper with kisses. Opening it, he read:

"You have ruined my peace, but I forgive you: my suffering is great, but it is dear to me, since I suffer for you. I write with fear and trembling, lest I should be discovered; therefore I must be brief. Though they should increase their unkindness, and persecute me to the last, yet let me but know that you still love me, and your Penelope shall never complain, nor count herself unhappy."

Barclay remained for some time in a trance of rapture: he was so little prepared

pared for joy, that he was overwhelmed and lost by the unexpected pleasure. "Loveliest, most adored of women!" he exclaimed—"how have I merited such love as thine! I that am full of corporeal grossness, and mental blemishes, how can I be worthy of one whose body is only not so pure and fair as her mind? And thou dost suffer persecution on my account!" continued Barclay. "Oh, curst be he that does thee wrong! Remorse and anguish seize upon his heart; drive from his slumbers all the joys of rest, and dash from his unhallowed lips, the cup that bears the scanty sweets of life!"

He now paused a while, when recollecting the obligation he was under to Gregory, he cried, "Gregory, you have given me fresh life: I shall never forget the unlooked-for service you have done me, by bringing this letter."

✧ Your

“Your happiness,” replied Gregory, speaking from his soul—“your happiness, Sir, can scarcely be greater than mine is on the occasion: indeed it cannot.”

“But what is to be done?” added Barclay, hastily. “I must send an answer: how is it to be conveyed? Will you venture to return?”

“Assuredly I will,” replied Gregory, “if there were twenty times the risk; but I think I can return without any risk at all.”

The cart that brought Gregory and the baggage had not departed, and Barclay having finished his letter, Gregory soon bargained to take him back again; and, after eating his dinner, he returned, leaving our hero much more serene and contented than he had found him.

To fill up the chasm till Gregory had performed his commission, Barclay

employed his pencil in sketching likenesses of Penelope. "I did it," said he, "from *my mind's eye*: I drew it as if speaking, and spoke to it; I drew it as if sleeping, and gazed on it; I drew it as if weeping, and wept over it; I drew it as I had seen her smile on me, and my heart, leaping within my bosom, beat with something like the pulse of joy; but presently, as I still kept my eye on the picture, sunk into a pleasing melancholy. I heaved a sigh, and endeavoured to excite my imagination to extend the prospect of my hopes."

Gregory soon made his way back, but not with so favourable an account as he expected. He had ventured to the parsonage, to see Penelope's maid, and had learnt from her, that the bailiffs, having discovered their mistake, had liberated Master Stephen; and further, that she believed they were now in pursuit of Barclay. After gathering so much,

much, he thought he might indulge a little in his own private affairs; and that amorous disposition, which is the ruin of man, woman, and child, engrossing his whole mind, his presence there was found out before he had delivered his letter. Von Heim immediately ordered him to be turned out of the house; and thinking he had no time to waste, as the bailiffs might be after Barclay, he set off, without accomplishing the object of his journey.

Barclay was very much chagrined at this disappointment, and so was Gregory; but it was of no avail to complain now; and as they were in constant apprehension of the bailiffs, they thought it best to decamp. Barclay's funds not being very great, he resolved to walk, and only when it was absolutely necessary, encounter the expence of a carriage. The trunks, therefore, were to be forwarded to London by a coach that

passed through the village ; and after Gregory had made up a little package, which he willingly agreed to carry, they procured two good sticks, and dashing out of the great road, determined to proceed to London as well as they were able.

Barclay was certainly right, in choosing the metropolis as a place of concealment ; for it is the best place for that, as it is, indeed, for every thing else. In London, no man need starve, even though he be honest ; but if he will stoop to mean arts, that is, if he will be a rascal, he may live like a prince.

C H A P. VII.

The effect of fasting on one of the Fathers.

—Gregory's satisfaction.—A wedding.

—Bet and the Tar.—Scene at the church.—The bridegroom's difficulties.

—His indignation.—Where we must look for unaffected character.—A doctor quoted, to express Gregory's feelings when he looked at the bride.—The bridegroom knocks under.—The sailor comes to his senses, and almost deprives Gregory of his.—The host's counsel on the occasion deemed expedient.

BARCLAY's circumstances induced him to follow the plan he had adopted, of quitting Mr. Pawlet's neighbourhood. To have eloped with Penelope,

admitting its practicability, was a thing he could not think of doing while involved in debt, and liable every moment to be arrested. Whatever her affection might lead her to do, his love could never permit him to let her suffer want and misery on his account. His fears arising from the Honourable Mr. Buckle's intentions toward her, he now thought very little likely to succeed, as the apprehension they entertained of himself would prevent the execution of Mr. Buckle's scheme.— These matters considered, he had resolved to make his way to London, and to endeavour to hit upon some plan by which he might extricate himself from his present embarrassment, and render himself independent, however lowly and humble his situation in life.

For the remainder of the first day Gregory was continually on the alert, looking before and behind, to see whether

ther he could discover the bailiffs in pursuit of them. This alone gave him uneasiness ; otherwise he could not help repeatedly expressing how pleased and happy he was, and striving to cheer Barclay's spirits, whose mind was so occupied with thought, that he would have proceeded till he had dropt without taking any refreshment, if Gregory, whose patience was nearly exhausted, had not hinted at it as a thing that would be by no means disagreeable to him. " One of the Fathers tells us, that he found fasting made him so peevish, that he did not practise it." Gregory also, for some such reason, avoided it as much as possible. Whatever their fare, he always found it good—however bad their lodging, he constantly pronounced it comfortable. The fact is, Gregory was with Barclay, and he was happy and contented ; and to such, nothing comes amiss.

As our hero, with Gregory after him, bearing their bundle, travelled on foot, it will be neither prudent nor agreeable to follow them step by step : that would be going too slow ; I shall therefore merely touch on the principal occurrences of their journey.

Toward the middle of the next day, as they approached a little village which they perceived at some distance before them, their ears were saluted by the sound of bells, evidently rung on some joyful occasion. Being now in less fear of pursuers, and having walked sufficiently that day, Barclay resolved to spend the rest of it in recovering themselves from their fatigue. The village they soon found to be of the most rural kind, and without any accommodation for travellers of a better description than those on foot. Entering the only house of entertainment in the place, they were almost stunn'd with the
rude

rude and boisterous gaiety of the company it contained. At the head of a number of peasants who were seated round a table, on which was a large bowl of punch and several pots of ale, presided one of Neptune's sons, and by his side sat a plump, rosy-faced girl, of true flesh and blood, covered with ribbands, medals and rings. It was not very difficult to guess at the cause of this motley assembly: however, if it had been so, our travellers would not have been left long in the dark. As they entered, the landlord rose to welcome them, and Barclay desiring him to let them have a mug of ale, and something to eat,

“Avast there,” cried the sailor, “and bring to.—Shiver me if any man has any thing aboard that I don't pay for. Come, my lads, bring yourselves to an anchor. You shall mess with me to-day, by G——.”

The landlord now soon made room for our hero and Gregory, who were, almost per force, seated at the table, and compelled to drink a bumper each, to the health of the couple that were about to be married.

“ Yes,” exclaimed the tar, throwing his arms round his neighbour’s neck, and giving and taking a smack that went off as loud as a fourteen-pounder, “ yes, Bet and I are going to grapple. We only wait for the parson to give the signal, and——”

Here he was interrupted by the clerk, who came to let them know that the clergyman was waiting for them at the church. They were all instantly on their legs, and, taking a hearty swig each, not forgetting the clerk, they drew themselves up in due array, the sailor and his bride leading the gang. Barclay and Gregory could not refrain from

ac-

accompanying this singular procession, when they were witness to a scene that ensued in the church between the parson and the tar, which had very nearly put an end to the match. Every thing being quiet and orderly, the parson began and presently came to,

“ I, Richard Sprit, take thee, Elizabeth Bumfield, to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward—”

Which he pronounced after him; but when they went on—

“ For better for worse, for richer for poorer,”—he made a dead stand.

“ Say after me,” said the parson.

“ D——d if I do!” cried he. “Avast there—what, do you think I’m such a lubber as all that comes to?”

“ Well,” said the other, “ if you don’t say you will do this, I can’t marry you.”

" Well, I won't then," he replied. " For better and richer, if you will, but d—— me if I've any thing to do with poorer and *worser*." -

" Then we have done !" the parson added, and putting down the book, was going to take off his gown, when the sailor very sulkily agreed to go through the ceremony. It being ended—

" Now," said the parson, " you must sign this book."

" No, no !" he exclaimed. " Shiver my timbers if ever Dick Sprit, of the Ale-house," (his way of pronouncing *Æolus*) " puts his name to such a d—d bad bargain."

An altercation of some length was the consequence of this refusal, but finding that he could not be married without, and having already been in the church much longer than he liked, or had ever been before, he consented, and, full of anger, made his mark from the top of the

the page to the bottom. He now sallied out of the church, and it was not till after dinner that, with the assistance of large draughts of grog, he was able to tranquillize his ruffled spirit.

Barclay having stayed behind a little, observed a farmer coming up to the clergyman as he was returning home. There had been a great drought, and he had got the parson to offer up the prayer for rain, which he had done two or three times without effect.

"No rain yet, master," said the fellow, scratching his head.

"No," replied the parson. "I am sorry to find that our prayers are not heard."

"Main unlucky, to be sure. Let's see, how many times have you done it?"

"Three times," was the answer.

"Three times! Well, well, never mind," said the farmer; "we'll have at 'em again next Sunday!"

Here

Here the fellow made his bow—the parson smiled, and Barclay went and joined the sailor and his companions.

In this company, and in very unruly mirth, Barclay found some entertainment. To see men act from the honest dictates of nature, is, I think, always highly desirable. In polished societies we behold nothing of this : we see there nothing of nature ; 'tis all form and deceit ; there is no friendship, no ingenuousness, but the whole party seem met together to dupe one another. Imposition is the order of the day, in act, word and deed. In low life alone, must we seek for genuine, unaffected character.

During their jollity, Barclay could not help noticing the effect the sailor's familiarity with his wife produced upon —. He kept his eyes fixed upon her, as if he would devour her with them. I shall here employ the language of another,

ther, that he may bear the blame of describing the fact.

“ Her bosom heaved with such bewitching undulation, that the cambric could not conceal or contain the snowy hemispheres that rose like a vision of paradise to his view. His visage was instantly metamorphosed into the face of a mountain-goat. He licked his lips instinctively, snuffed the air, and squinted with a most horrible obliquity of vision.”

This was really the case; but as I feared that I might, in detailing these circumstances, be led into language so glowing as to be almost too warm, I thought it best to avail myself of the decent and chaste passages of the approved, and therefore doubtless, of the delicate Dr. Smollet.

Barclay shook him several times, but he continually returned to gloat on the object before him. At length the
sailor

sailor terminated his career, by falling from his seat perfectly intoxicated, and, with the assistance of his wife, was presently conveyed to the nuptial bed.

It being now late enough to retire, Barclay desired to know where they were to sleep, and were shewn into a room which was only divided from the one occupied by the married pair, by an old blanket, suspended from the ceiling. The host withdrew, and they betook themselves to rest. Barclay was, however, in about an hour roused from his slumbers by a most violent noise in the apartment. It appeared that Gregory, unable to sleep for thinking of his neighbours, was resolved to attempt to take the sailor's place, which he was sure he was unable to occupy. Either in revenge for the disappointment, or half awake and half asleep, pondering on love, he found little or no resistance from the fair one. At length, like Jupiter

piter in the arms of Juno on Mount Ida (for it will happen so, it seems, both to gods and men)

— With love and sleep's soft power oppress'd,
The panting *Gregory* nods and sinks to rest. *

In this state of affairs the sailor having slept off the fumes of his liquor, or perhaps dreaming he was a cuckold, and as, according to the ancients, † dreams that have any thing to do with *horn*, are true, was startled from his repose:—however it was, he awoke, and the moon shining full in the room, beheld the pair lock'd in each other's embraces. He rubbed his eyes once or twice, and perceiving it was no dream, gave *Gregory* such a broadside with both his fists, as completely unshipt him, leaving him sprawling in the middle of the room. The sailor quickly

* Pope's *Homer*.

† See *Coluthus Lycopolites*, and others.

followed, and a regular fight took place, which, as I have said, disturbed Barclay, and soon brought the host into the chamber.—Barclay presently dressed himself, and, with the aid of the master of the house, extricated poor Gregory from the sailor's gripe, who was just going to throttle him.

Barclay now hurried Gregory out of the room, leaving the host to pacify the enraged tar, which he in some measure succeeded in doing, by affirming that Gregory was so drunk that he got into his bed by mistake. The host then carried Gregory his clothes, promising to bring him up to explain the whole matter; but the moment he came down stairs, he advised our travellers, as it was a fine moon-light night, to decamp without seeing the bridegroom any more. Barclay approved of his counsel, and making him a present, left the house.

CHAP.

C H A P. VIII.

Why Barclay prefers a brute to Gregory.

—Silence without consent.—The Saint's method of subduing the longings of the flesh.—A ghost.—Gregory goes to prayers.—A fellow collegian.—A man asleep going to see the races.—Cant phrases.—Joc, the poet—How he was used.—Lindley's opinion of poetry.—Breakfast.—Sir William—his hobby-horse.—A great talker, but not at all troublesome.—New fashioned furniture.—How Bill informed Sir William the carriage was ready.—A party, all three-bottle men except one.

GREGORY saw that Barclay was displeased, and followed, with his eyes on the ground, not daring to utter a word.

word. At last our hero said, " I am ashamed of you Gregory, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you continue thus, at all risks, to gratify your sensual passions, I know not what will become of you. 'Tis brutish ; nay, the brute has the advantage of you, for you have not even the instinct common to them, since the veriest beast shuns the thing that does it harm : you court your ruin."

Gregory was dumb, and might seem to consent to Barclay's remark, but he was very far from it. It was a matter of as much surprize to him, how other people could abstain from doing as he did, as it could be to them, that he was guilty of it. A certain Saint, to get the better of his passions, and in time to prove himself superior to temptation, used every night to take the handsomest woman he could find to his bed. This
method,

method, and that of the Hermit of Pisa*, to subdue the cravings of the flesh, appear among the very few that Gregory was ever likely to adopt.

Continuing his lecture, Barclay proceeded along the road, until, owing to the stillness of the night, his attention was excited by the sound of feet, and looking up, he beheld, about a hundred yards before him, a figure in white, which, at that distance, appeared not unlike a woman. Barclay pointed at it, and asked Gregory what he thought it was. Gregory stared at it for a moment, and then exclaimed, "It's a man in a winding-sheet! It's coming towards us too! Some troubled spirit, depend on't! Pray, Sir, let us run!"

"No, by no means," cried Barclay.

* See Pogius. I will not even quote his Latin. I can only say, that the method is most effectual.

The

The figure approached with long and hasty strides. Gregory's teeth began to chatter in his head. Though he had never been fed, like Achilles, on lion's marrow, yet he did not want courage to attack any thing human; but his terror of supernatural beings was excessive; and it was, in this instance, increased by the recollection of his recent sins. He trembled from top to toe. Barclay himself stood agast, while the moon shone on its pale face as it drew nearer and nearer. Gregory could not support himself any longer, but falling on his knees, set about muttering the Lord's Prayer in a very inarticulate tone. Unconcerned, and with its eyes fixed, it stalked by. Barclay had now seen enough of it to dispel his fears, and could not help laughing at Gregory's dismay.

“*How now, Horatio?*” he cried, quoting Shakspeare—“*you tremble, and look pale.*”

pale. Is not this something more than phantasy? Yes, to be sure it is, for it's a man in his shirt, walking in his sleep; therefore get up, you fool, and don't kneel there, frightening yourself with your own silly imagination."

Gregory seeing that the figure had passed, and that Barclay was not afraid, began to recover his courage; but when our hero said that he would go after it and wake it, lest it should do itself any harm; Gregory's fears returned, and he entreated him not to meddle with it on any account.

"*I'll cross it, tho' it blast me!*" cried Barclay; and set off running after it, whilst Gregory followed, not wholly abandoning him, but not appearing as if he intended to assist him.

Barclay soon succeeded in bringing the ghost to his senses, when, to his great surprize, he recognized an old fellow collegian.

"Why,

“ Why, what the deuce are you at, Lindley,” he declaimed, “ cooling your heels in this manner, in the middle of the night ?”

“ What, Barclay !” ejaculated the other, staring at him. “ But damme, am I awake ?” Here he gave a view holloa, and shaking himself, cried, “ yes I am, by Jove ; well then, I’ll tell you how the rig runs.”

He now informed Barclay, using a string of cant jockey phrases, that he was in the habit of walking a little in his sleep, and that having made a few private races for the next day, he had no doubt he had either walked out of the window or the door (the latter of which was the fact), and was going in a hand-gallop to the race course. “ But,” said he, “ what the Devil brought you here ? Do you walk in your sleep too ?”

“ No, no,” replied Barclay. “ The story is too long to tell you now, but
my

my affairs are not so flourishing as they were when you knew me at college, and I am making the best of my way to London."

"Sorry for that, damme!" said he; "but I heard some 'at on it. Dad died, eh! and didn't leave you one guinea to rub against another. Well, but come let's be stirring. You shall go with me: father's house is close by: d—n poverty, tip us your daddle—I'll give you a stall, and you shall have the *run of your teeth* with me, by G—, as long as you like."

Barclay knew his ways, and was sure it would be in vain to refuse him.—

"Well, but," said he, "I can furnish you with a little covering, that you may not catch cold."

"Ah! cloathing?" cried the other, "and can you shoe me, too?"

"Yes," replied Barclay, calling to Gregory.

Gregory's fears were now entirely dispersed, and, opening his budget, soon equipped young Lindley with a coat and shoes.

"That 'll do!" said he. "Now come along. D—me but this is a high go! Curse me, I am sorry for your misfortune. But you were always a hard-reading man—I knew no good would come of that. Do you remember Joe Norwell, the poet, you know?" "Well, he's founder'd too—not a leg to stand upon. Depended upon Nunc—"

"Who married," interrupted Barclay, "and so disappointed?"

"No, no, better than that," cried the other. "The old stone-horse had a bit, to be sure, but 'twasn't his wife; 'twas a dolly. Oh, the old one served him a knowing trick—he had him as dead as a nit. He promised to leave Joe as many guineas as there should be leaves on the large oak tree in the park."

"Well?"

“ Well?”

“ Well, d—n him, he died in February! Joe never touched the price of a feed. Last time I saw him was in town—his coat was hellish seedy, and his carcass, crow’s meat—not a dinner for a rook—fine length of tooth too—plenty of bone in his mouth. I offered him some of the *movers*, but he still sticks to his poetry, and is as proud as Lucifer—he would not touch, all I could say or do, but, tipping me a scrap of the old Greek ballad-singer* (whom you know some author places in the infernal regions, and than whom no one ever better deserved to go to Hell, where I have often sent him), he turned upon his heel, and left me, marching away as stately as a peacock. That comes of being fond of the Muses—they make more fools than any other

* Homer.

ladies in the world—jilts ! Virtue, they say, is its own reward, and so is poetry, I suppose, or we should not see so many enter at the starting-post to run all the way up *bill** for nix.”

Talking in this manner, they reached a large old-fashioned mansion belonging to Sir William Lindley, the father of the sleep-walker, and finding the door open as he had left it, they entered, and he presently shewed them into two chambers, and wishing them a good snooze, retired to his own.

In the morning Gregory went into the servants' hall, and Barclay descended to the breakfast room, where he received a hearty welcome from young Lindley, who was in his jockey dress, all ready to start. He had not been seated many minutes, when old Sir William made his appearance. He was between se-

* Parnassus.

venty and eighty, and having been addicted to the sports of the field from his infancy, although time had shook his frame a little, his brown, ruddy countenance still remained. Tho' he tottered as he walked, and was unable to ride, and scarcely to see, yet he was booted and spurr'd, with a long hunting whip in his hand, in which dress he intended to go in his carriage to the races. During the hunting season, to please him, they often turned out in his grounds before the house, when he constantly, let it be as early as it would, appeared at his window in his red coat and cap, perfectly equipped for the chase. He added to this a very enormous proportion of the garrulity of old age.

After Barclay had been introduced to him, he began a long story of his former exploits, which Barclay would have attended to with becoming respect, if young Lindley had not cried, " oh,

never mind dad! He's as deaf as a post; we may talk on; he won't mind that, so that you let him go his length. There'd be no standing it otherwise; but if you permit him to keep talking, he does not care an old shoe whether you talk at the same time or not."

He now pointed out the curiosities of the room; and it appeared that he was not content with riding his horses to death, but that he made them carry him afterward, by having their skins made to cover chairs and make shoes. "I killed old Bali t'other day," said he; "a fine tough hide—made me half a dozen pair of rare strong hunting boots. Lose nothing," continued he. "Poor Fan died last winter. I always thought she answered the whip and spur famously. Dear soul, her skin was so thin, that I could have nothing but pumps made of her."

Barclay could not avoid a smile.

"Nice

“ Nice backs to these chairs, eh?” added he. “ Every one fox-skin—dad killed ’em all in his time. I’m fitting up a room of my own. In two seasons more I shall be complete. Now, my boy, I call that economy.—Dead good ’un, a’n’t I?”

Barclay had not time to reply, before a groom came in to say that the horses and the carriage were at the door. Sir William was still going on with an account of a terrible long day’s chace.

“ Tell him so, then, Bill,” said Lindley, pointing to his father.

The groom instantly began cracking his whip, at which the old gentleman pricked up his ears, and, understanding the signal, he rose, and took hold of the groom’s arm to go to the coach, saying, “ well, mind we leave off at Jerry’s Pound—I’ll tell you the rest at dinner. D—me but its worth your hearing.”

"Now," cried Lindley, "you may do as you like—go with dad or with me. There's the carriage, and there's a horse for you, which you will."

Not wishing to hear the remainder of the story, Barclay declared in favour of the horse.

"That's right," said Lindley, "the horse against the world. Come then, away we go till dinner—Kill our own mutton—famous here for Norfolk sheep and Bengal cows. I've asked a precious party to meet you—all three-bottle men, except the parson, and he drinks four!"

C H A P. IX.

A Lord.—The cunning of a madman.—How his Lordship treated the fiddlers.—A race between two animals, one from Arabia and the other from the Ganges.—Lindley's match with his Lordship.—Dinner table.—The company described.—His Lordship's speech on entering, prophesied.—Women and fruit, a comparison.—Lindley's wit.—The apothecary found out.—How to make a man fight.—The Major tries to rouse Lindley's martial ardour, but in vain.—Politics.—The difference between a jockey and a scholar.—The Major's speech.—The Doctor's answer.—His Lordship compares his head to Clinker's.—Virgil elucidated.—An uproar.

“NOW you'll see such riding,” said Lindley to Barclay, as they jogged on

towards the course. "I speak for myself;—I flatter myself that I am a match for any gentleman jockey in the kingdom, let the next be where he may."—"I don't doubt it," replied our hero; "but pray who are you going to ride against?" "A Lord," said he;—"a laughing, funny, good-natured fellow, but mad—mad as a March hare. Not so much so, however, as he was when he was young. The mark's out of his mouth now—he's between forty and fifty. Rides a feather, to be sure, because he's such a little wither'd creature; but then, he knows no more about horse-flesh, than if he had never thrown his leg across one. He is not even acquainted with the terms of jockey-ship. Wonderful ignorance! I asked him the other day who his horse was dammed by, and he told me by himself; that he damned him every time he rode him. Perhaps he meant
this

this as a joke, tho'. He plays such tricks of which you can form no idea; but d—me I'll shew him a trick to-day."

"You may easily be too cunning for him, I should think," cried Barclay.

"Why, yes," rejoined the other, "now he's not so mad as he was, but when he was confined about twenty years ago, he was as cunning as a fox. I'll give you an instance:—his friends were obliged to put him in a private mad-house, the keeper of which had a pretty daughter, to whose charms his Lordship was not mad enough to be insensible. The keeper seeing this, desired his daughter to encourage his addresses, and at last it was brought to such a pitch, that his Lordship agreed to marry her. The day was fixed, the banns published at a church in town, and when the period arrived, they left the mad-house in a coach to have the

ceremony performed. His Lordship appeared very sane, and the keeper and his daughter chuckled within themselves as they went along, on the great advantage they should derive from such a match. When they arrived at the church, his Lordship very properly led the lady up to the altar, and the clergyman began the ceremony, saying to his Lordship, “do you take this woman for your wedded wife?” Upon which he exclaimed, “no, no, not so mad as that neither!” and taking to his heels, ran out of the church, and was not found for a considerable time afterwards.— Oh, he’s a devil of a fellow. What do you think he did only last week?— I’ll tell you. He sent to the town, about twenty miles from hence, for half a dozen musicians, meaning to entertain us jollily. Well, by some mistake they came a day too late.—“God bless me,” said his Lordship, when he saw them, “this

is

is very unfortunate; however, you shan't lose your labour : come, play up, and because we won't have any music without dancing, three of you shall play, and the other three dance. The musicians expostulated, but all to no purpose, his Lordship would be obeyed. Presently he observed the three that were playing mightily pleased at seeing their companions skipping before them; upon which his Lordship obliged them to take their turn in the dance, while the others played. But here we are," continued he, "and yonder I see his Lordship standing by his groom." Saying this, he put spurs to his horse, and canter'd on, accompanied by Barclay.

After several races, amongst which was one between an Arabian ass and a Bengal cow, which was won by the latter, the ass refusing to start; the match between young Lindley and his Lordship took place, when the former rode
out

out of the course, and the latter fell head over heels. Lindley, not seeing his mistake, went on, laughing at his opponent, who, being unhurt, remounted his horse, and taking the right way, came in and won the stake, to the great mortification of "the best gentleman jockey in the kingdom."

It being now near dinner-time, his Lordship left the ground to dress, being engaged to dine at Sir William Lindley's. He laughed heartily as he went away, at young Lindley's mistake, who swore revenge.

Returning, Barclay, with the assistance of Gregory, put himself in decent trim for dinner, and when he entered the dining-room, although the dinner was not served, he found six people seated at the table. Being introduced, he learnt that the strangers were Major Cave, Doctor Butterwell, the parson, Mr. Didlington, the apothecary, and
Mr.

Mr. Delves, an old brother sportsman of Sir William's, who insured the Baronet's favour by constantly listening to his stories of former times, and helping him to recollect them.

Sir William sat at the bottom of the table, and young Lindley presided. On his right hand was seated the Doctor, a huge unwieldy man, who having been disappointed in his hopes of preferment, was in consequence a violent democrat; opposed to him (in every sense of the word) was the Major, a member of parliament, and staunch aristocrat; the two middle places were unoccupied, but on the same side with the Major, at the bottom of the table, was the Apothecary, a little thin creature, who sat very prim in his chair, and was extremely diffident when he spoke, ever suspecting himself in the wrong; opposite to him was Mr. Delves, a jolly fellow, who placed himself close to Sir William,

William, for the purpose already noticed. Our hero took his seat between the Major and the Apothecary. The dinner was put on table, when young Lindley said, "ah! we'll not wait for *Fidget*" (a nick-name given to his Lordship, as the Doctor was, in his absence, always called *Dismal*.) "I know he'd be angry if we were to delay dinner, so as to let him be here at starting. Now there's my watch—I'll bet fifty pounds he does not come this half hour, and when he comes, he'll say these words."—Here he repeated what his Lordship would say, which, when dinner was half over, he came and said precisely. His phrase on these occasions was, "dear, dear, well, I can never get any where in time—good folks, your servant; I can't think, for my part, how people manage, who have real business, for I, who have nothing to do, can scarcely get through it."

During

During dinner, his Lordship and Lindley took the lead in conversation, the others paying all their devotion to the fare. His Lordship talked much of his amours, and declared that he considered women like fruit—"those that fall to the ground," said he, "of their own accord, are generally tainted, and good for nothing; but those that will not fall without a good deal of shaking, are sound, and worth having."

Young Lindley's conversation, or wit, as he deemed it, was principally made up of strange out-of-the-way phrases, and a certain metaphorical way of speaking, such as calling a hearse, a *Gravesend* stage; a man cook, a dog cook; unripe fruit, not done enough; beef more roasted than it should be, over-ripe; and so on.

During dinner, Mr. Didlington, whose horse always stood at the door, which is a way of visiting *sec. artem*,

was

was twice summoned to attend his patients; but Lindley knowing that, like other country apothecaries, he had ordered his man to call for him, to shew that he had a great deal of business, though in fact no patient required his attendance, would not let him go.

“Come, come,” said he, “that won’t do with us—you shan’t stir a foot; take the man into the cellar, Hugh,” said Lindley to his servant, “and give him a good dose of ale, and see whether he likes that better than his master’s physic.”

Mr. Lindley,” replied the Apothecary very precisely, “I dare say I am wrong, but my patients will suffer for this.”

“You are wrong, indeed,” cried Lindley. What patients suffer for keeping the apothecary from them? No, d—me, I’ll never believe that!”

Dinner being over, Sir William, at his end of the table, took up his story from

from Jerry's Pound, calling Barclay's attention to it ; but he was soon left without any auditors, except Mr. Delves and the Apothecary, who sat quite upright in his chair, with his face towards the Baronet, grinning when he grinn'd, and not daring to turn from him. Barclay was presently occupied in listening to the Major on the subject of war ; who recommended every man to go into the army. His Lordship was, as may be supposed, as great an aristocrat as the Major, and perfectly coincided with him in this opinion.— “ I would go into the army myself,” said he, “ but I am now too old : though I am small, I don't want courage : I can prove it.”

“ Ay,” cried the Major, “ I should be glad to hear.”

“ A fellow, Sir,” said he, “ once insulted me, who I knew would not give me satisfaction ! I did not know what to do ; but, upon inquiring, I found
his

his affairs were not in the most flourishing circumstances, and that he would be glad of a commission in the army. I instantly, at my own expence, privately presented him with an ensigncy. After this I sent him a challenge, and he was then unable to refuse to meet me. I wing'd him, and he begg'd my pardon."

The Major highly approved of this courageous stratagem, and proceeded with his praises of the army, which Lindley ridiculed.

"It would be wise, if you young men," said the Major warmly, "if you disposed of your time as well. Where, Sir, is your martial ardour? What," continued he, "will you not fight for your native soil? Remember how your fathers bled for their country!"

"I do, I do," said Lindley, "and that's what frightens me!"

Here

Here the Doctor interrupted them, and began abusing standing armies, and the minister, without mercy.

“How dare you blame ministers, Sir,” said the Major, who was as absurdly violent as the other—“haven’t they always a majority?”

“Yes,” replied the Doctor, with a sarcastic grin; “and we know that a majority can be purchased in that house, as well as in the army.”

“Sir,” cried the Major, broiling, “no reflections on my profession.”

“None in the world,” replied the Doctor—“but even granting that it is not purchased, we know that Bias has told us, that *οι πλεονες κακοι*—*the majority is bad.*”

Lindley reprimanded him for a habit he had of quoting from the Classics.

“Young gentleman,” said he, “I do not see why a scholar should not be allowed to talk about his Latin and Greek,

Greek, as well as a jockey about his horses."

Lindley made no reply, and Barclay took up the cudgel, saying,

" I'll tell you why, Sir—a scholar is supposed to have more sense."

The Doctor looked as black as December, tossing up his head, to mark the little respect he had for Barclay.

The Major, who did not like skirmishing, but was very fond of a pitched battle, began a long speech, calmly setting out with saying,

" * I'll not fly in the face of my superiors : government, sure, knows what is wrong better than we do : we have left every thing to them. It is a kind of treason to oppose government : they are the power Heaven has sent over men, to direct them. You may as soon

* This speech of the Major's is taken from Macklin's unpublished MSS.

say

say you know religion as well as a bishop."

The Doctor smiled contemptuously.

"Sir," continued the other, "I look upon men who oppose government, to be little better than rebels : it is they that make us unsuccessful by land and sea ; it is they that have ruined all nations : they let our enemies know what we intend to do ; and that it is that makes us unsuccessful. Newspaper-writers ought to be gibbeted. Abuse ministers, and lords, and parliament, and the whole bench of bishops, and sometimes the judges, and me—don't you see how they have abused me ? They call me blood-sucker, only because I have a contract now and then. Why, somebody must have it. Then they call me Major Deadvote : I am one of the Deadvote family, they say. I am as well known by the name of Deadvote, as I am by the name of Major Cave.

Cave. The newspapers, and all the enemies and rebels, call every man who is true to his king and his country, mere creatures, dead-votes, blood-suckers.

“Do you know what government is?” proceeded the Major, panting for breath; “what it means? Why government is to rule, to govern;—and what are they who will not let it govern? Why, they are traitors and rebels. How can they govern or rule, if the patriots will not let them? The fact is, they want to rule themselves. Who protects us from the French?”

“You have made a long speech, to little purpose,” said the Doctor. “As to your last question, I’ll answer it: the arms of Neptune. But still, how are we protected? Why, we are in this island, like the archbishop who retired to a castle, surrounded by water: he was safe from his external enemies, so
are

are we ; but he was eaten up by the rats of his own castle ; so are we by our own ministers. Sylla bred lice that destroyed him—Cromwell engendered a stone in his bladder, which destroyed him—we nourish ministers who destroy us. These things were once obscured, but we are too much illuminated now a-day not to see thro' them."

Siding with the Major, his Lordship said, " Ay, what, you are one of the *illuminati*? Do you know that I think you are illuminated like Humphrey Clinker—' what you take to be the new light,' said his master to him, and I say it to you, ' I take to be a deceitful vapour, glimmering thro' a crack in your upper story.'

Barclay seconded this attack, and exposed the Doctor's politics to the most laughable derision, concluding by saying, " however, I know you believe yourself possessed of a great deal of

wisdom. I guessed it so from your supercilious manner, and I shall not deny it, for you may perhaps build your opinion upon the well-known sentence, "it is wise to know little."

The company were all warm with wine, and the Doctor retorted. From politics they got to religion, and the scriptures. Here Barclay beat the Doctor completely out of the field, quoting the original text, to his great astonishment. Amongst other authorities, he quoted Job: 'For vain man would be wise, though he be born like a wild ass's colt.' "I translate," said he, "Doctor, that you may be illuminated not only in politics but in scripture, which I think will much better become you."

Young Lindley, the Major, and his Lordship, enjoyed this amazingly. The Doctor was heated, and descended to abuse. "Sir," said he, "your learning makes you impertinent."

"Sir,"

“ Sir,” replied Barclay, “ so does your ignorance.”

The wine began to operate, and words ran high. “ An assuming, impudent coxcomb !” cried the Doctor.

“ Impudent ?” said Barclay, coolly, unwilling to quarrel—“ why, you are impudence itself. I never met with a more excellent comment than you are on the *spirantia æra* of Virgil—you are an existing piece of the *breathing brass* he talks of.”

“ A fool !” exclaimed the Doctor.—“ That’s too bad,” was the general cry.

“ Not at all,” said Barclay, “ I dare say he’s right, for I’d take his judgment on folly sooner than any man’s. Be assured that nobody’s better versed in it than the Doctor—he’s a professor.

The Doctor continued to deal out his illiberal language without measure. His Lordship and the Major were exceed-

ingly noisy, and nothing would serve the former, but he must lick the Doctor; and he would certainly have made the attempt, had he not been prevented by Barclay and Lindley, who interfered.

“Come, come,” said Barclay, “you must not mind him; you see he’s half gone.”

“D—n him,” cried his Lordship, “I won’t forgive him because he’s half gone; when he’s *quite* gone, perhaps I may.”

The Apothecary being the most sober of the company, left the two old gentlemen nodding in their chairs, and with some trouble got permission to lead the Doctor home. His absence restored the harmony of the table, until the arrival of his Lordship’s carriage, in which he, the Major, and Mr. Delves departed, but not without his Lordship first protesting that he would send the Doctor a challenge by the Major, in the morning.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Barclay departs.—The dramatic plan he adopts.—Irregular stanzas.—Gipsies.—A fight.—Description of a magnificent dwelling.—The ditcher.—His grave for a proud man.—Reflections on death.—The best thing Nature has bestowed on us.—What blessing Barclay does not wish those he loves, to enjoy before him.—An awful thought.—Buttered muffins and suicide.

YOUNG Lindley parted with our hero, to retire to rest, under the impression that he would continue with him for some time; but Barclay, feeling no desire to stay there any longer, gave Gregory notice to be ready early

in the morning; and before any of the family were stirring, they beat a march. Barclay was well aware, that if he had intimated his intention of going, he should have been prevented, and therefore followed this mode of retreat, leaving a note on the dressing-table for young Lindley, thanking him for his hospitality, and, lest he should be chaced, he pretended that he was about to take a very different road from the one he meant to pursue.

Our travellers journeyed on all that day, without any occurrence that deserves to be recorded. Barclay's thoughts, however, since they set out on their pedestrian expedition, had been incessantly employed in devising what scheme he should adopt, when he arrived in London, to extricate him from his difficulties. He had heard, that dramatic productions were very lucrative; and knowing, from what he had seen of them,

them, that very little talent was required to produce a play, he resolved to attempt one. He soon fixed on a fable, which he intended should comprise his own adventures, adding such other incidents as he might find necessary to its completion : but whether he should make it a tragedy, comedy, or opera, was a matter of great doubt with him for some time. In many instances, he thought his story well adapted to produce comic effect, but in his heart he felt that it was truly tragical. At length, however, he determined to convert his materials into an opera, and mourn over his fate in plaintive ditty.

Wrapped up in the idea, he would at one time stand still, and at another seat himself on a gate or stile, and, taking out his pocket-book, put down his ideas of scenes, characters, and situations for song. Sometimes he would write a song, and hum it, or speak a speech, as

he proceeded, to the great astonishment of Gregory, who could not guess what he was at.

The second day after they had left Sir William Lindley's, Barclay, coming to a part of the country so beautiful, that it seemed one entire garden, seated himself on a bank, and, Gregory having lagg'd behind, drew forth his paper, and began to indulge his muse. On the present occasion, Penelope wholly usurped his mind, and he devoted the moment to her, celebrating her under the title of Lesbia, in the following wild, irregular stanzas :

TO LESBIA.

Though hence, my Lesbia, far I rove,
Still me
Of thee

All Nature will remind;
Since all that's sweet in nature, when combin'd,
Forms her I love!

Where

II.

Where blows
The rose,
The bee luxurious sips :
There, lovely Lesbia, there I think of thee,
And times when I, more happy than the bee,
Drank nectar from thy lips.

III.

If on the wings of zephyrs float
The nightingale's melodious note,
My trembling heart is mov'd ;
For then, methinks, again I hear
That heav'nly voice, to mem'ry dear,
That told me first, my Lesbia lov'd !!

IV.

As to the air the violet breathes its sweets,
My heaving breast with sudden transport beats ;
And here and there I look with hope and fear,
Thinking my Lesbia near !.

V.

When in some lonely wood I see
The tender, happy doves,
O Lesbia, then I think of thee,
And of our loves !.

VI.

And when their joys the hawk relentless spies,
And through the skies
Pursues his deadly way,
And pounces on his prey ;
Again of thee I think with sighs,
Lest Death, like him, should seize thee for his
prize ;
Bear thee—ah, cruel ! from the realms of day,
And leave unhappy me to weep my life away !

Barclay had scarcely finished these lines, when his poetical raptures were disturbed by a violent uproar ; and he presently saw Gregory, at some distance, running towards him, with three fellows at his heels. The fact was, that while our hero was revelling amidst the charms of ideal love, Gregory had been feasting on stuff more substantial. Seeing a pretty little gipsy sitting under a hedge, he had stopt to chat with her. The consequence was fatal : as if she had worn the cestus of Venus, she soon over-

powered

powered Gregory, and led him, "nothing loath*," into an adjoining field, where three of her gang surprized him. Gregory's bundle was their object. He took to his heels, and they pursued him. When he came up to Barclay, he faced about, and, both brandishing their stout cudgels, they fell to, pell-mell. I will not say with Ariosto,

That which fell out betwixt these warriors bold,
I here reserve to be next *chapter* told†;

for I'll let you into the whole story at once.

The gipsies being stout, athletic fellows, and more accustomed to bludgeons than our travellers, quickly disarmed them, and, after securing the

* Milton, when he wrote this phrase, probably had Moschus' Europa in his mind: ΕΙΣΕΥΕΝ ΕΝ ΤΗ
ΑΕΚΟΥΣΤΩ. Ver. 14.

† Orland. Fur. cant. 1. 81. Hug.

bundle, and plundering them of all their money, made off, threatening to murder them, if they presumed to follow.

Considerably bruised, and robbed of all their property, Barclay and Gregory stood looking at each other, without knowing what to say or do.

“ A pretty pass your amours have brought us to,” said Barclay, breaking silence.

Gregory was unable to speak, and, our hero adding words still more severe, he began to sob piteously; which so moved Barclay, that he changed his tone, and, though highly incensed, endeavoured to put a good face on the affair; saying, “ Come, it’s bad enough to lose our money : don’t let us make bad worse, by grieving about it. We’ll go on; perhaps we may meet with those that will assist us in the pursuit of these villains.”

The

The country, as I have observed, was truly beautiful; and Barclay, in a very serious mood, followed by Gregory, as miserable as a condemned felon, bent his way onwards, until he came to a park-wall, by the side of which they walked, and at length came to a magnificent lodge and entrance.

The gates were open, and, no one appearing, Barclay went in, and contemplated the most grand and luxurious spot he had ever beheld. The house was supported by Corinthian pillars, and more resembled a palace than any thing else: swelling lawns and verdant slopes, meandering streams, hanging woods, temples, statues of fawns, nymphs, &c. met the eye on every side; pillars reared, with inscriptions, to commemorate the deeds of the owner's ancestors in war, heads of deer, green-houses, hot-houses, pheasantry, grottoes, cascades;

cascades ; every description of prospect ; all that favouring nature and consummate art could afford of the sublime and beautiful in picturesque, presented itself in the enchanting scene.

While gazing on this splendour, Barclay could not help reflecting on his own miserable state, and, for a moment, envying its possessor. “ I once was happy—I once was rich !” said he—“ would it had pleased Heaven that I had then died !”

Here he was interrupted by Gregory, who came to tell him that he had been speaking to a ditcher close by, about the gipsies, and he told him they had plundered the whole country, and that there was no chance of their recovering what they had stolen. Our hero, on hearing this, left the park, to go and inquire of the man, who was the master of this noble domain ; when turning
out

out of the gate, he saw a long parade of mourning-coaches coming towards him, with a hearse and eight horses, covered with such an abundance of plumes, that it seemed as if it were about to fly to heaven with the deceased. Coming to the ditcher, an old healthy peasant, Barclay asked him whose remains were conveying to their last home with so much pomp and ceremony.

“ The Earl of ——,” answered the man, “ the proudest gentleman for many a mile round ; but he’s dead, and there’s an end on’t. Yon finery will be of little service to him now : he might as well have been buried in this ditch.”

“ True, true enough,” said Barclay, turning from him, and proceeding forwards. After a few moments’ meditation, he exclaimed, “ thus it is—the certainty of death, as well to him who revels in riches, luxury, and power, as to him who pines in wretchedness and
want,

want, makes the former scarcely worth being coveted, and the latter no great object of lamentation. It creates content; it embitters the joys of the affluent; but consoles the afflictions of the poor and unhappy. I envied the Earl when I thought him living, but now I envy him more. *Nature has bestowed nothing better on man than shortness of life**. *In length of life there is nought, unless it be the prolongation of a most miserable being†*. Indeed, to breathe is to sigh; and wherefore should we grieve to part with our breath, since it will put a period to our sighs? Shortness of life is a blessing; the only one I do not wish those I love, to enjoy before me!"

The reader will be pleased to recollect our hero's situation—that he was without a farthing of money in his pocket; and he will then, perhaps, see no-

* Pliny.

† Cicero.

thing

thing very improper or wonderful in the sentiment Barclay has just expressed.

It is very odd, that when we talk about death, we generally think we are treating of a thing that concerns other people only ; for

“All men think all men mortal but themselves *.”

If they will not acknowledge this, their actions prove it too clearly to admit of a doubt.

Conversing on this subject, however, it is an awful reflection, that in eighty years from the time I am now writing, except a few miserable human beings, and some worthless animals, all the animated nature existing with us at this moment, will be dead and gone !

Still, though death is fearful, life has not appeared to be very estimable in the eyes of some people, if we may judge from the cause of their quitting it. The

* Dr. Young.

son of an eminent composer wrote to a friend of his, before he made away with himself, to the following effect : “ I find life nothing but a system of buttoning and unbuttoning : I am tired of it : farewell ! ” — Boswell *, too, tells us of a gentleman who “ loved butter’d muffins, but durst not eat them, because they disagreed with his stomach, resolved to shoot himself ; and then he eat three butter’d muffins for breakfast, before shooting himself, knowing that he should not be troubled with indigestion.”

Yield ye Roman, yield ye Grecian, suicides ! — what have ye done, to equal this !

* Reported by him, as told by Beauclerk. Life of Johnson.

C H A P. XI.

A dilemma.—Gregory's expedient.—A character possessing a trait of novelty.—Old ladies' chins.—The thing better than the word.—Barclay's appeal: its effects.—How to return a favour.—Licensed robbers.—Two resolutions.—The evil of riches.—The man of sense more bountiful than the man of money.—“ Farewell ! ” —An alteration in countenances.

OUR travellers' situation was at present deplorable—without any money, they were still far from town, and above a day's walk from Sir William's, or they might have returned thither, and obtained some relief.

What

What to do, was a matter of so much doubt to both, that they walked suddenly on, without daring to say a word to each other.

They were now near the coast, and, having left the park many miles behind, came to some dreary hills, over which they were compelled to pass. It was at this time about six o'clock in the evening. They had not tasted any thing that day. The prospect before them was naturally dreary; but, to render it still more so, the weather became hazy, the clouds collected over their heads, and, large drops falling, portended a thunder-storm. Barclay stopped, turned round, and looked at Gregory, as much as to say, "What the deuce shall we do?"

Gregory was ready to blubber, knowing that he was the cause of their present distress. Looking about, however, he espied a little cottage at some distance

tance

tance from them, situated at the foot of a hill, by which it was protected.

“ Let’s go there,” he cried, pointing to the place.

“ But we have no money,” replied Barclay.

“ Never mind that, Sir,” he answered : “ I’ll manage it, depend on’t. The villains have left me my razors, scissars, and comb. Little will serve us ; and I’ll pay for that, by cutting the children’s hair, or shaving the host, or in some such way, rely upon it.”

“ Well, well,” cried Barclay, seeing that they should soon be wet to the skin, if they did not take shelter, “ we shall see what you will do.”

They hastened to the cottage, and, as they drew near it, they perceived a man of a very rude and unpolished aspect standing at the door. He was evidently no peasant : he wore a large slouched hat, and an enormous great-coat,

coat, which, being open in front, exposed a girdle, in which were two large pistols. In a shed, close by, stood, as it would seem, his horse, fully caparisoned, with holsters to the saddle. It was now no time for retreat. The thunder rolled, and the rain poured down in torrents. Barclay was in no fear of being robbed; and he thought he might as well go in, and run the risk of being shot through the head, as to stay out and be drowned. He now, for the first time, heartily wished that his friends the bailiffs had him in their tender care. Approaching the cottage door, he bowed to the stranger, as if begging permission to pass, who immediately stepped out, not seeming to mind the rain, and made way for our travellers to enter: he then resumed his former station.

They found within no body but an old woman, who was 'tending a pot
boiling

boiling on the fire. It appeared that she was the sole occupant of the place. Her little hair was as white as snow, and needed none of Gregory's assistance; neither did her chin, though some old ladies' call loudly for it, want the smoothing aid of his razor. Gregory looked very glum, on finding his schemes thus baffled.

"We crave your hospitality," said Barclay.

"Eh, what?" mumbled the old woman, not understanding the word 'hospitality,' although she presently proved that she understood what is better, namely, to shew it to all who need it.

"We beg you to let us sit here a short time," continued Barclay, "until the storm is over."

"Ah, an you will," replied the old woman—"good folks, stay as long as you like. Ban't you a-wet? Come nearer the fire, and dry ye."

Here

Here she stirred up the fire, and made room for them. Barclay thought it best to confess his circumstances, and the cause of them, and then petition for some refreshment. He consequently told what had happened to them, and how he had been driven to seek an asylum there. During the recital, the stranger, who never left the door, where he seemed to be continually watching for something, looked every now and then at Barclay, and appeared interested in the story. When Barclay had finished, and before the old woman could say what she was about to say, that they were welcome to any thing the house afforded, the stranger cried out in a rough voice, " Dame, give the travellers the best you have—I'll pay for it."

" Ay, there it is," said the old woman: " one never can do a bit of charity one's self, when you gentlemen are
by ;

by; you are always so generous." With this she hobbled away, and presently placed on the table, a cheese, a brown loaf, and a mug of ale, saying, " here, eat away, and much good may it do you. Here I've got some eggs in my lap, which I'll boil for you in a minute or two."

" Thank you, thank you," said Barclay. " And you, Sir," continued he, turning to the stranger, " we are much indebted to you for your goodness."

" Pooh, nothing!" he cried: " dame, run to my horse—by the side of the saddle you'll find a leathern bottle—bring it here—it's brandy, give it them."

The old woman went and fetched it. " Give me a glass," said the stranger—" your healths!" Here he tossed off a bumper of the brandy, and then, while our travellers were feeding away with rare stomachs, he added,

“ I’m glad to see you eat so—give me another glass.”

Drinking a second glass, he went on—

“ You think me a strange character, I dare say—well, so I am in some respects, but chance has made me so.”

“ I am a little surprized at your appearance, I own,” replied Barclay ;—
“ but I am convinced of the honesty of your heart, from your kindness to the unfortunate.”

“ I love ’em,” he cried. “ From your manners and language, I see you are a gentleman ; and from your countenance I know you would not deceive any man. All you have said is true, I’ll be sworn ; and there, Sir,” (here he stepped into the cottage, and put five guineas on the table) “ take that—if I had more to spare you should have it.” He then went back to the door.

“ Upon my honour, Sir,” said Barclay,

clay, " I don't know what to do—
your——"

" Do," exclaimed the other, " put
the money in your pocket, and think
no more about it."

" That can never be," replied Barclay, " I must always remember such
extraordinary generosity. My wants are
urgent, and I will accept your offer, but
you must let me know to whom I can
return it when I reach London."

" Return it," said the stranger, " to
some other distressed man, and say I
gave it him. That's the only way you
can repay me! Give me another glass,
dame." Swallowing this, he added, " I'd
come in and sit with you, but I'm on
a bit of business. I'm a smuggler, my
friend, and I expect a signal from my
comrades every minute. Then I shall
be off, and perhaps you'll never see me
again."

“ I shall not forget your friendly assistance,” replied Barclay, “ and am sorry I see no likelihood of shewing my gratitude.”

“ Enough, enough !”

“ Your profession is not only dangerous,” said Barclay, “ but very fatiguing.”

“ It is,” he replied, “ but I like it better than the smooth dealings with men in cities, who, under the mask of honesty, cheat and plunder a thousand times more than I do. In the eyes of Heaven, I know I am a more upright and honest man! I have suffered by these licensed robbers. I was once in trade, Sir, and an opulent man. In what they called *the fair way of business*, my professed friends cheated and betrayed me, until I became a bankrupt. I then turned smuggler, making these two resolutions :—the first, never again
to

to have any commerce with *honest tradesmen*!—the second, never more to save any money! What I get, I instantly either spend or give away. Riches only serve to make one the prey of knaves, and the dupe of perpetual imposition. I despise wealthy men, and wonder that the world pay them so much homage. The man of sense is infinitely preferable, and yet he is comparatively contemned. Strange folly! from the latter, I derive some advantage, for he bestows on me a part of the riches of his mind; but in the former I commonly find nothing but pride, dullness and stupidity; and his wealth, what is that to me? he will give me none of it, I am sure.”

At this moment they heard the report of a gun. The smuggler came hastily up to Barclay, shaking him by hand, and crying “farewell!” rushed out of the cottage, jumped on his horse,

and, galloping over the hills, was presently out of sight.

Our travellers now looked at each other, with very different faces from those they wore when they first reached the hills. Gregory's was illumined, and as gay as the sky, which was at present adorned with a resplendent bow of various hues, both alike prognosticating peace and safety.

"His health!" cried Gregory, seizing the mug of ale, "and may prosperity attend him wherever he goes!"

"Ah! bless him," exclaimed the old woman; "he has a soul as wide as the sea, and a hand as bountiful as the sun. I know not what I should do, but for him. I don't see him more than three or four times a year, and he always leaves me as much as keeps me warm and comfortable all the rest of the time."

"His

“ His character is singular,” said Barclay, “ but he has a heart that would dignify a better body. He who will never let others want, should never want himself—Heaven send he never may !”

Here Barclay took a draught of ale, and, enquiring the nearest way over the hills, thanked the old dame for her hospitable treatment, and set out with Gregory, in much better case to pursue their journey than they were an hour before. He would have made the good woman a present, but she would not accept of it on any account.

“ No, no,” said she, “ he would never pardon me if I did that : I have but little to give to the poor, ’tis true, but I’ll never take from them. No, go your ways, good folks. You’re welcome to all you’ve had here, an’ it had been twice as much.”

C H A P. XII.

The stage.—When we are in bad company.—The basket.—The Devil leaves Gregory.—Attic lodgings.—A conversation between Gregory and Barclay.—An ale-cellar.—A dark-looking little man: his proposition.—Barclay's exclamation.—The opera finished.—Gregory's opinion of it.—The night previous to presenting it to the theatre.

AS they proceeded toward a neighbouring town, Barclay consulted with Gregory, on what it was most expedient to do. They were now between forty and fifty miles from London, where Barclay had a small supply of cash, as well as all his clothes, of which,

at

at present, he had no change. It was therefore deemed best to expend the smuggler's money in getting to the metropolis as speedily as possible. To this end, on their arrival at the next town, they inquired whether any stages passed through the place at any time in the course of that night, or the next morning; and being informed that one was expected at midnight, they resolved to take their seats on the outside; not as preferring it for the airiness of the situation, but because it squared better with the state of their finances.

It being the middle of the summer, the exterior of the stage was not so inconvenient; and they journeyed on very agreeably, when compared to their recent mode of travelling. Barclay's mind was now constantly bent on his opera, which seemed to be his only dependence. What he expected from it,

he scarcely knew. At any rate, he trusted that it would be the means of releasing him from his fears of bailiffs: and with the idea of liberty, he could not avoid associating one equally delightful—love. Penelope still occupied his heart; and he continued to hope, without knowing why he dared to do so.

Those, says the Coran, who have the Devil for a companion, will be in very bad company. Gregory had but too often to complain of this. The fiend always attended him, whenever he got by the side of a woman. Barclay was seated on the roof. Gregory placed himself in the basket, where he had not long been, when he was joined by a comely dame in a red cloak, who, fearing to sit on the top, had left her husband there, and betaken herself by the side of Gregory. According to the Coran, he was presently *in bad company*;
for

for the Devil soon paid him a visit, and prompted him to such conduct as very much offended the virtue of the lady, who made her complaint by a few ejaculations, which quickly reached her husband's ears.

"What's the matter, my dear?" exclaimed the good man.

"Oh nothing, my love!" she replied, not wishing to create animosity—"only frightened at the jumbling of the coach."

Gregory considering this as a good omen, persevered; when she was again obliged to ejaculate.

"What are you about there?" roared the husband—"there's nothing to hurt you; can't you be quiet?"

"Well, so I will," she answered, being compelled to speak, "if this gentleman will take his hand away."

"Gentleman! hand!" cried the other, and instantly stopping the coach,

16

jumped

jumped down. "What, what is this? has he been rude to you, my dear?"

Barclay guessed the fact, and durst not say a word, but looked very black on Gregory. The wife not answering immediately, Gregory took advantage of what she had said before, and affirmed that he had only laid hold of her to prevent her being jolted out. "Is that true?" said he to his wife.

"Ye—yes," she replied. "I dare say the gentleman meant no harm—it was only my fright."

"Well, well," said the husband, rather sulkily, "you shall come and sit on the roof with me. I'll have nobody lay hold of you but myself."

Saying this, he lifted her out of the basket, and the Devil instantly left Gregory; and in very good and peaceful company, they arrived in London about noon the following day.

After

After leaving the stage, the first thing that was necessary to be done was to procure lodgings. Here Gregory was a very useful assistant, for, knowing all the little holes and corners about town, he soon hit upon a very cheap abode, in an obscure part of the metropolis.—Like Mrs. Pawlet's study, our hero's was as near the heavens as the house would permit it to be. Being fixed here, Gregory went to the coach-office, where they had ordered their trunks to remain until called for, and bringing them away, stowed them in the apartment. He was, at this crisis, of the greatest service to Barclay, and was never more happy than in his employment.

Barclay observed, that beside the sitting-room in the lodgings Gregory had procured, there were two small bed-chambers. "The affectionate fellow," said he to himself, "intends to reside with

with me, but that must not be. In that case, we shall soon both starve."

Having reflected thus, and the bustle of arranging themselves in their new apartments being at an end, he addressed Gregory, stating to him the exact situation of their affairs. "I am engaged," said he, alluding to his opera, "in a work which will, I hope, extricate me from my embarrassment; but it will be some time before it is finished. The money I have is very trifling. What you have will be barely sufficient for yourself, until you can return to your trade."

Gregory was going to expostulate.

"I will not hear a word," continued he; "you must get employment: if you do not, we shall both starve."

Gregory felt the cogency of his reasoning; and the thought which then struck him, that he should by working
not

not only prevent himself, but perhaps Barclay, from starving, made him immediately acquiesce.

“ I will,” said he, “ I will go back to my business. I know where I can get employment at a moment’s notice. It shall be so. But——

“ But what ?”

“ But I hope, added he, pointing and looking *wistfully* toward one of the chambers, “ I hope you’ll let me come here in the evening.”

Barclay consented.

“ And to get your dinner ?” said he.

“ Yes, yes,” replied Barclay, “ ’twill be a saving plan. We must dine off the same dinner.”

“ Then all’s well,” said Gregory, exultingly. “ If we starve I’ll—— But there’s no need to swear. We shall do, never fear !”

In a few days Gregory was settled, and attended his trade regularly till five
in

in the evening, and Barclay kept himself closely applied to his opera, in which he proceeded with great rapidity, never stirring from home, for prudential reasons, until it was dark, when he would, for the sake of relaxation, go with Gregory to a neighbouring ale-cellar, where politics and all sorts of subjects were discussed.

One night he got into an argument with several men of much more talent than property, and displayed his wit and erudition with very great effect.—When they were silent, a dark-looking little man, who was a constant visitor at the cellar, came up to Barclay, and in a whisper begged to speak a word to him at the further end of the room. Barclay rose and followed him. Being seated :

“ Sir,” said the other, “ I am very much pleased with your eloquence. I have been often entertained by it.”—

Barclay

Barclay inclined his head. "But to come to the point," continued he, "I think, Sir, from your being here, and from what I have observed of you, there is no apology necessary for what I am going to propose: I dare say you would not be against profiting by the exercise of your pen?"

Barclay paused a moment, and knowing that his funds were decreasing very fast, embraced the overture, saying:

"Sir, however I may be undeserving of the compliments you pay me, I am not insensible to them. I am much flattered. With respect to your question, I will candidly confess to you that nothing could be more acceptable to me."

"The business is done then!" cried the other. "You drink ale, Sir? taste mine." Here helping Barclay and himself to a glass each, he said, "To our better acquaintance;" and then added,
I have

I have it in my power, Sir, to appoint you to a very good situation in a newspaper. It will not be very laborious, and you will receive three guineas a week."

"I am much indebted to you indeed!" replied Barclay. "But, pray may I ask," continued he, "what is the nature of the employment?"

"Oh," said he, with a gesture of indifference, "that which every fashionable and popular paper requires—you will merely have to write paragraphs—abuse, and turn every thing that ministers do, whether right or wrong, into ridicule—to puff players, play-writers, and managers, if they come down; if not, cut them up. Lastly, to visit the haunts of servants—to sift them, and then to make paragraphs of their masters' private concerns. Nothing is so easy; nothing tells so well!"

Barclay's

Barclay's blood boiled with indignant passion as he spoke, and when he had ended, he was unable for some time to make any reply. At last he said :

“ Sir ! I am not reduced to such necessity as to make me overlook every principle of honour, and descend to obtain a livelihood by such villanous means.”

With this, he turned from him, and left the cellar.

“ No, no !” he exclaimed, as he returned home, “ rather let me quit life at once, than prolong it by such arts. It would be more honourable, and much preferable, to follow Gregory's profession, and cut men's chins with my razor, than thus to lacerate their hearts with my pen.”

The opera was now very nearly completed. But the time he had spent upon it, had consumed the remnant of his money, and obliged him to give
Gregory,

Gregory, at different periods, the best of his clothes to dispose of, to provide for his support. However, the deed was nearly done, which he fondly hoped would release him from his daily apprehension of being arrested, and place him in such a state of freedom and respectability, as might leave him to fix, unmolestedly, on his future course of life.

At length the opera was finished and polished, and being copied fairly out, was ready to be presented to the theatre. Voltaire read his works to his old woman; and Barclay read his to his old man. Gregory listened to it over and over again, and having had all the beauties pointed out, and all the jokes explained to him, he finally pronounced it a most inimitable piece.

Unable to wait till the winter, our hero resolved instantly to offer it to the summer theatre, and appointed the following

lowing day for that purpose. Sleepless was the night that foreran the day, *big with the fate of tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee*. Aurora with her rosy fingers unbarr'd the gates of light, and caught our author with his night-cap off, tossing to and fro' on an unquiet bed, on which, close by his side, lay the cause of his immediate care—the opera. His disturbed imagination had been a chaos of images, of pain and pleasure, of hope and disappointment. Love, bailiffs, success, damnation, a motley groupe of pleasing and terrific objects, mingled themselves together in his distracted mind, and so agitated his spirits, as entirely to deprive him of rest. But now, availing himself of the young day, he seized his work, and in contemplating the charms of his Muse, he remained in bed until Gregory had risen, and prepared the breakfast.

C H A P. XIII.

The suit of clothes.—Barclay's reception when he offers his piece.—Who has found out the perpetual motion.—A second visit.—The merits of modern opera discussed.—The talents requisite to produce one.—What rank the author of an opera holds.—The theatres monopolized: by whom.—Barclay imitates Rousseau.—An incident.—Extremes.—The arrow shot.

WHILE sipping his tea, it occurred to Barclay that it would be proper to make himself a little smart on the occasion.

“I can't go in this dress,” said he to Gregory, “and I fear my wardrobe will
scarcely

scarcely afford a better. That's unlucky ! very unlucky !”

Here he leaned his chin upon his hand, in a musing posture.

“ Don't be uneasy about it,” cried Gregory, “ I dare say I can manage that matter very well.” Saying so, he stepped into his chamber, and brought out a suit of clothes, which Barclay recollected to have been his best.

“ Why, how's this ?” said he, “ I thought you had sold these ?”

“ Yes, Sir,” replied Gregory, with satisfaction strongly depicted in his countenance, “ so I did.”

“ So you did ?”

“ Yes, Sir,” he continued, “ I sold them to myself ; and if you'll be kind enough to wear them a little for me, I shall take it as the greatest favour you can do me. I'll air 'em a bit, and then they won't give you cold.”

Gregory's

Gregory's affection had manifested itself in numberless instances, but this last was of such a nature, that Barclay could not help turning his head toward the fire-place, to conceal a tear that stole down his cheek. When he had recovered himself, he said:

“ Perhaps, Gregory, I *may* have it in my power to make you some return.”

“ You'll take 'em then ?” cried Gregory—“ I am contented !”

About noon, Barclay, being equipped, ventured to make a *sortie*, and, reaching the manager's house, he was ushered into his presence, and received with all the politeness the elegance of his address demanded. On explaining the object of his visit, the manager very politely received his piece, and, promising to give it a candid perusal, requested to see him again that day week. Barclay could not expect more gentlemanly behaviour, and, after some indifferent conversation,
made

made his bow, and returned home perfectly satisfied with the beginning he had made.

Tho' TIME is perhaps the only gentleman who has a just claim to having discovered the *perpetual motion*, yet if Barclay had been consulted at this period, he would have doubted it; for he seemed to him positively to stand still, and almost entirely neglect his wonted progress. At length, however, though, in Barclay's opinion, at a very hobbling pace, as if he had lost his wings, he brought about the appointed day.

Elate with hope, and in unusual spirits, our hero again prepared himself to wait upon the manager. When he arrived at his house, the servant informed him that his master was not within, but had left word, supposing he would call, to desire him to go to the theatre, where some business had called for his attendance. Barclay obeyed, and, going to

the theatre, was, after a short delay, shewn into the manager's private room, where he found him sitting with his play before him. The common ceremonies being over, and Barclay seated, the other began :

“ I have read your opera, Sir,” said he, “ with infinite pleasure——”

(A bow from Barclay.)

“ It has in it every thing that should be admired.”

(A second bow.)

“ But the taste of the town is so vitiated, that it will not do.”

“ Not do !” repeated Barclay, in a low voice, drawing himself up as straight as a dart.

“ No, Sir.”

“ But you say that ——”

“ What I say,” continued he, “ in its favour, and what pleased my private judgment, makes me sure that it will have no success with the public. Your

scene

scene is for the most part rural, and your characters and incidents, simple and natural—now the town requires all art, spectacle, pomp and show ; and indeed every thing that you (speaking independently of the times), have wisely discarded. Here too,” added he, putting his hand on the opera, “I find sheer wit ; but that won’t do, my good Sir : nobody understands it. Puns are the thing—that’s the only species of wit that’s level to the comprehension of a modern audience ; and, as Dryden observes, ‘ the worse they are, the better.’ Beside, I see that you have written all your songs, and some of them in the true spirit of poetry ; but this was wrong, and mere loss of labour. There’s not a composer who writes music to songs. They get some Italian or German music, mangle it, and the poet, or one who is no poet will do as well, must afterward write words to their music. In fine,

the author of an opera now, is but a fourth man, as the machinist, the scene-painter, and the composer, evidently take the lead of him in merit. It was not so formerly ;* but the *time is out of joint*,

* It is curious to observe how the theatres are now monopolized by the players and managers, in every species of dramatic composition.

Tragedy—Mr. Hull.

Comedy—Messrs. Sheridan and Colman.

Opera—Messrs. Colman and Holman.

Farce—Messrs. Cross, Dibdin and Knight.

Interlude—Messrs. Colman and Cross.

Translator of German tragedies—Mr. Sheridan. †

Translators of German plays and comedies—Messrs. Dibdin, Holman and Pope.

Translator of German farces—Mr. Bannister, jun.

Translator of French comedies—Mr. C. Kemble.

Non-descript—Miss De Camp, and Messrs. Holman and Dibdin.

† In this department, it should be said, that not one of the translators understand a word of German.

Spectacle

joint, and we, who are its servants, must conform to it. I am ashamed, Sir, to refuse your piece, and I am ashamed to ask a man of your talent to write such a one as I have described. If you can bring yourself, however, to undertake so unworthy a task, I faithfully promise that my theatre shall always be open to you."

In a state of wonder, confusion, and disappointment, Barclay sat staring at the manager while he delivered the above speech, which contained so much truth,

Spectacle writers—Messrs. Colman and Kemble.

Alterers of tragedies, comedies and farces—Messrs. Macready and Kemble.

Authors of pantomimes—Messrs. Harris, Farley, Cross and Dibdin.

Ballet—Mr. Byrne.

Pantomime without Harlequin—Mr. Fawcett, and all those already mentioned; to whom may be added every other dramatist of the present day.

and was so ingenuous and complimentary, that he had no power or reason to complain of his usage. Some one tapping at the door at this instant, Barclay rose, with his heart so full, he could scarcely speak, and, taking his piece, stammered out something like thanks for his politeness, and withdrew.

He entered his lodgings almost in despair. All his hopes had vanished in a moment. In his distress he tore his opera to pieces, and was committing it to the flames,* when Gregory, coming home early, anxious to learn his success, caught him in the fact. Little explanation was necessary to afford him a very competent idea of what had happened.

* J. J. Rousseau also tells us in his *Confessions*, that he wrote an opera called *Iphis and Anascanète*, which he had *the good sense to throw in the fire*. Rousseau has many imitators. It would be well if he were oftener copied in this, perhaps one of his most laudable acts.

“ Well,

“ Well, well,” cried Gregory, comforting him, “ never mind—it can’t be helped. I dare say it was nothing but envy that made ’em find it bad.”

“ Bad !” exclaimed Barclay, nettled at the supposition, although it only came from Gregory, and suspending the conflagration for a moment, he took the pains of telling all that had taken place, for the sake of vindicating his authorship, which, even in his affliction, he could not suffer to be aspersed.

By the time they had dined, Barclay became more resigned to his fate, and, after some consideration, determined, relying on the manager’s promise, to write an opera according to his instructions. He was not, however, sufficiently recovered from the shock he had received, to set about it immediately : and, to raise his spirits, he set off, as usual, for the cellar, accompanied by Gregory. But, alas ! this was one of

his black-letter days, and he never arrived there !

He had either been seen going to the theatre, or Gregory had been traced to his lodgings, and he was consequently way-laid by his old pursuers, who seized him the instant he got into the street, one exclaiming—

“ D—me we’ve had a pretty dance after you, but we’ve got you at last !”

Gregory would have attempted a rescue, but Barclay peremptorily commanded him to desist, and he was shortly conveyed to the King’s Bench.

Gregory followed him, full of sorrow and trouble, and, unknown to our hero, who did not understand the nature of these places, paid the keeper to put him in one of the best rooms he had to spare, and seeing him safely lodged in it, took his leave, not being able, according to the rules of the prison, to stay any longer that night.

“ Don’t

“Don’t be down-hearted, Sir,” said Gregory, half crying and half smiling, as he left him—“don’t, pray don’t.—I’ll come to you as often as I can—You sha’n’t want any thing—you sha’n’t indeed !”

Distress has a wonderful effect on our nature : we then catch at every straw of friendship, with the avidity of a sinking man. Barclay went with Gregory to the gate, and, pressing him cordially by the hand, they parted.

Extremes meet.—Extreme old age is childhood ; extreme wisdom is ignorance ; for so I may call it, since the man whom the oracle pronounced *the wisest of men*,* professed that he *knew nothing*. But then it must be confessed that there is this distinction—the *wise man* believes that he knows nothing ; but the *ignorant man* does not believe

* Socrates.

any such thing. To proceed: push a coward to the extreme, and he will shew courage:—oppress a man to the last, and he will rise above oppression. Such were now the feelings of our hero. He had been persecuted to the extremity of persecution, for his persecutors could go no further. “Where there is no hope, there is no fear.” The arrow was shot, and he had nothing more to apprehend. The desperate state of his affairs excited his magnanimity, and, rallying his deserting spirits, he resolved to meet his misfortune with a bold and undaunted front.

C H A P. XIV.

The King's Bench viewed in a pleasing light.—The difference between that and other mansions.--Academia--Olympia—A new game.—A club of martyrs.—Two children got in half an hour.—Mr. Quince's uncommon eccentricity as an author.—A novel written for the sake of a joke at the end.—Enlightened days.—Three authors and a spider.—Pulping.—An easy mode of travelling.—How Mr. Grub became a member of a college.—Quacks.—The bookseller and his men.—French wines.—Bad port, but why not to be grumbled at.—A comparison.

IN the morning Barclay arose, and from his window took a survey of the

place, and upon the whole, had no reason to complain of the change he had made. His room was better furnished, and more comfortable than the one he had left; then, being high, it commanded a fine view of the Surrey hills. The wall before him might, perhaps, to some squeamish and near-sighted people, be thought no desirable thing; and indeed its being so much loftier than the walls which *other* country gentlemen have round their grounds, gives it an appearance of being intended for the purpose of confinement, but on a closer examination, we perceive that it is more especially erected for the entertainment of those that reside there, who are constantly seen amusing themselves by playing at fives against it. Viewed in this light, it is certainly rather too low than too high, as the balls are often lost by flying over.

When

When Barclay descended, he was received by a host of friends, who gave him a most hearty welcome; which was one of the two differences he remarked between this and some other *great houses*. The second was, that here they ask you for money when you come in, and shew their obligation to you for it, by drinking your health; whereas at others, the servants take it from you as you go out, and never thank you for it at all.

After this, our hero strolled about at his ease, contemplating the different pursuits of the inhabitants. On the one hand, he could have almost fancied himself at *Academia*, as he beheld philosophers and their followers, in loose garbs, walking to and fro', indulging in learned discourses on various subjects. On the other, he might have believed himself at *Olympia*, for now and then his ears were saluted by the voice of some poet reciting his verses, or author reading his
pro-

productions ; and games of various descriptions were practising in every direction.

One of the games, entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans, called BUMBLE PUPPY, is a great curiosity. I will not positively say that it is worth while to be confined in the Bench for the sake of this polished and refined sport, but I will affirm, that no man can pretend to have seen the game played in such *perfection* any where else. I shall not explain this elegant amusement, as it is not adapted to my fair friends, and as it is not improbable (at least it is my wish), that most of my male readers may, sooner or later, visit this delightful retreat, and it would be cruel to anticipate, by my explanation, one of the pleasures they will receive, by entering into the mysteries of this place in proper person.

Gregory

Gregory attended Barclay punctually every day, and lent him all the assistance in his power. Pecuniary aid he soon had no need of, meeting with a circumstance that, not profusely, but sufficiently, supplied him with as much money as he wanted.

Barclay had not conversed with many of his inmates, before it was discovered that he was a gentleman and scholar, which were deemed a satisfactory qualification to admit him as one of the society of *literati* then confined in the Bench, through imprudencies, arising from a love of letters. This club distinguished itself by the title of THE MARTYRS TO GENIUS.

It was composed of authors of every denomination, and amongst them, Barclay found a Mr. Quince, who, taking a liking to our hero, they were almost constantly together. He was to Barclay,

clay, a kind of index to the characters that ranged about the place.

“There is yet an author,” said he to Barclay one day, “whom you have not seen. He undertakes every thing—*stories* for little boys, or *histories* for great men. Though, by-the-bye, I don’t know that there is such a great difference between the two as may at first appear. However, he attempts so many things, and has so much to do, that he rarely ever comes out. If you like, I’ll send to say we’ll visit him.”

“With all my heart,” replied Barclay; and a boy was consequently dispatched, to know whether he was at leisure. The lad presently returned, with Mr. Grub’s best respects to Mr. Quince and his friend, and that he was very sorry he could not receive them at present, having two children to get; but that he should have done in half an hour,

hour, and then he should esteem himself honoured by their company.

Barclay looked at Mr. Quince.

“ You look at me for an interpretation of this,” said the latter; “ but I can give you none. We shall hear it anon, however, from his own mouth. He is a singular author, and, except myself, more so than any other I ever knew. Perhaps you are not aware of my singularity?”

“ No,” replied Barclay; “ what is it, I pray?”

“ I’ll tell you,” he replied. “ When I turned author, I was resolved to be a very eccentric character, and how do you think I managed it?”

“ Let’s hear.”

“ Why, I determined, in the first place, to be *good-natured*; and in the next, never to *talk about my own works!*”

“ You are a *rara avis*, indeed,” cried
Barclay,

Barclay, smiling: "I did not think such a being existed."

The time being now elapsed, Mr. Quince led the way, and Barclay followed him to Mr. Grub's apartments, where they found him sitting, surrounded by books and papers. He was a little, bow-legged man, with a snub nose, which served him amazingly well to hang a pair of green spectacles on, which he wore to preserve his eye-sight, as he affirmed, but, as it afterward appeared, to conceal, as much as possible, that he had but one eye.

He received Barclay and Mr. Quince with a loud fit of laughter, crying—"well, what do you think of my powers of propagation? Two children in half an hour's pretty well, eh?"

"What is the meaning of it?" said Quince. "You are merry, but I can't guess what you have been at."

"Ah!"

“ Ah!” cried the other, “ I thought so; but I’ll unfold. You must know, that I have been writing a little novel for children. I call it Master Rowland and Miss Oliver—do you know why?”

“ No, faith,” said Quince, “ not I.”

“ Can you guess, Sir?” added he, addressing Barclay.

“ Indeed I cannot,” he replied.

“ Well then, I’ll let you into the secret. I call it so for the sake of a fine joke with which I conclude. I marry ’em, you see, and then, as she of course takes his name, I say—mark me—he gives her a Rowland for her Oliver? Eh, do you take? If it had not been for this, I should never have written a line of the story.”

“ But the children!” cried Quince.

“ Well, you shall hear. You won’t laugh, eh? Well, I can’t help it—no matter—but the joke’s a good one. I sent in the MS. yesterday, and this morning

morning the bookseller's apprentice came to tell me that his master liked my work very well, but that, as my heroine was in one place thrown into very great distress, it would make it more pathetic, if I gave her a couple of children. I sent the boy back, saying, I could not possibly do that, as the lady was a virgin. It seems that he had fixed his heart upon it, for the messenger brought me word back, that her having children before marriage was of no consequence in these *enlightened days*, and that the boys and girls would like it better. Further he gave me to understand, that if I did not comply, I might keep the book for my own private reading. I instantly returned for answer, that rather than deprive the public of the good joke at the end, I would give Miss Oliver as many children as there were days in the year;

and

and when you sent to me, I was just employed in getting two for her."

Barclay and Quince could not refrain from laughing at Mr. Grub's account.

"Ah, well," continued he, "I like to see you merry. I have been full of good things this morning. Bile, the library writer, was here about an hour ago, and I made him so mad you can't think. Weary, the epic poet, a simple, good-natured soul, was sitting with me when he came. He had not been here many minutes, before Weary, observing a spider weaving a web, said, "see, Mr. Bile, see how curiously this little animal works."

"He reminds me of yourself, Mr. Bile," said I.

"Of me, Sir?" cried Bile: "indeed I am not half so industrious."

"No, not for that," I replied, "but because this little thing, like yourself, toils to produce what is of no use."

Bile

Bile looked as yellow as saffron.—Weary, however, took up his cause, and said I did him injustice. “And so does Mr. Bile wrong himself,” continued he. Then turning to him, he added, “I’m sure you must be very industrious. In the multiplicity of your more important affairs, I really wonder how you found time to write your four volumes of “Bloody Visions.”

“If you had read them,” said I, “your wonder would cease!”

“Bile was now a good deal gall’d, but he never quotes me in his works, and I was resolved to have at him again before he went. Talking of the dearness of printing and paper, I observed to Weary, that the new discovery of pulping paper, that is, to extract the ink from it, would be of great service, as that used in Mr. Bile’s History of Gravesend, in folio, might now be reduced to its *original* value.”

“Ori-

“ Original !” he exclaimed, and, snatching up his hat, stalked out of the room.”

Here Mr. Grub laughed heartily, and Barclay, out of politeness, accompanying him, he cried,

“ Zounds, Sir, I see traits of genius in you—you are a clever fellow, I’ll be bound. Can you write? If you can write, I can get you employment directly.”

Barclay feared a repetition of the newspaper gentleman, but, hoping the contrary, he replied : “ you are very good, Sir—I doubt my ability ; though my education has been such, that ——”

“ A fig for your education,” interrupted the other ; genius is every thing ! If you are willing, that’s enough. How do I get on? An’t I one of the first authors going, and what education have I had ? To be sure, added he, smiling, “ I am of Oxford.”

“ Of

“ Of Oxford ? ” iterated Barclay. “ I was of that university. Of what college are you ? ”

“ Of Pembroke,” replied Mr. Grub.

“ I don’t recollect you in my time,” said Barclay.

Quince laughed.

“ No,” cried Grub, “ I wonder how the Devil you should. I never was there but twice, and then by two rules, during the eight years I have been here. Come, as you are going to be one of us, I’ll tell you the fact. About three years ago, a bookseller came to me, and, talking about different works, he said, he thought, as I had been here five years, and nobody knew where I was, I might write some travels under my own name. I caught at the hint, and soon produced three volumes of what I termed ‘ Gleanings in Lapland.’ The work being done, and approved of, my name was not held respectable enough,

as it stood ; therefore, with one rule I went to Oxford, and entered myself of Pembroke ; and in about a fortnight after, with the other, I paid a second visit, and took my name off. I then came out with ‘ Gleanings in Lapland, by Gustavus Grub, *late* of Pembroke College, Oxford ;’ and my work went off so well, that I have an application for further gleanings, and shall set out on my travels again in a very short time.”

“ I am astonished !” cried Barclay.

“ But there’s no cause,” said Grub : “ nothing can be so plain. Copy facts of other travellers, and swear you were present. Beside, I think a man must be a very dull fellow, who can’t imagine something like a good thing every day. At the end of the year, then, he’ll have 365 good things—enough for any book. Well, down with them, intersperse them, and say they all happened to you in the

course of your tour. That's the way. I wish writing advertisements was half as easy : that's a task requires great genius and *invention* ! I have more plague with the d—d quack doctors, quack milliners, quack taylors, and quack barbers, than I have with all the booksellers in London ! And if they did not pay better, I'd see 'em all poisoned before I'd write a single puff for them."

"I doubt," said Barclay, after a pause, "I doubt whether I shall be able to do any thing of this kind."

"No need !" cried the other : "what I offer to you is quite a different thing : it's to write for a new magazine that's just begun. Essays, and strictures in prose, on any subject ; and in poetry, if you could write sonnets on a fly, a flea, a gnat, a dew-drop, or the like, it cannot fail of answering the purpose. A series of papers, now, with a title borrowed from the Greek, would do famously ;

mously ; and as you have been at Oxford, perhaps you can whip in a few scraps of the dead languages occasionally—the longer the better. The less they understand you, the more they'll like you—at least I find it so !”

“ Weary says, that obscurity is a part of the sublime,” said Quince.

“ Yes,” replied Grub, nodding, “and that's the only part he practises.”

Barclay saw no objection to this employment, and, having now given up all thoughts of writing an opera in the modern style, he readily undertook the office proposed, returning thanks to Mr. Grub, who, *having full power to treat*, engaged him on the spot.

Mr. Quince and Barclay now took their leave of Mr. Grub ; Barclay promising to wait upon him speedily, with some of his productions.

As soon as our hero had finished a disquisition on Homer, an essay, under

a long Greek head, and four sonnets, he took them to Mr. Grub, who read them with ecstasy, declaring that Barclay was a prodigy of genius.

“ They shall all go in this month,” said he. “ I only fear they are too good. But no matter,” continued he, winking, “ we can easily remedy that, you know! Your fortune is made, Sir. But, by the way, you are not the only man who has made a fortune by coming to jail. Good hit, eh?”

On the first of the succeeding month, Mr. Pulp, the publisher, came as usual to the Bench, to treat all *his men* with a dinner. Barclay was particularly distinguished by him, and very handsomely rewarded for his trouble. Mr. Pulp had nearly a dozen authors engaged in the Bench, in different magazines. They were all invited on this occasion. To describe them briefly—Falstaff’s regiment was a wholesome, well-dressed body

dy of men, compared to this division of the *martyrs to genius*. Mr. Pulp sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Grub at the bottom. The dinner was good, but the wines, although he allowed them claret, were execrable.

“ They call this *French wine*,” cried Grub, “ but may I come to the stall, if it has ever been in France, any more than the *French roll* I ate for breakfast.”

“ Good !” said Mr. Pulp ; “ the idea’s good.—Mind you let that come in the next number of *Bon Mots* by EDWIN, never before published.”

“ The port, too,” said Quince, who indeed was the only person present who dared presume to find fault with any thing—“ the port is villanously bad.”

“ Let the master of the house be summoned to appear before us then,” replied Mr. Pulp ; and he was consequently called. The complaint being made, the man, who knew that nobody

dined there but by compulsion, was very blunt in his reply.

“Bad!” said he, “how can that be? I say, gentlemen, it’s good port wine! Isn’t it black, and doesn’t it make you drunk? What the Devil would you have?”

This answer produced a general roar of laughter, and Mr. Pulp, nodding to Grub to note it down, they, per force, went on drinking such wine as they could obtain.

Some of the conversation in most companies (such as it is) may be related; but I defy any man to bring aught away from a society of twelve authors, but confusion. Where all are talkers, and none are hearers, what can be learnt or understood? It must therefore suffice to say, that what the master of the house affirmed of his wine, proved true, and that very shortly; for, knowing that Mr. Pulp must retire at a certain hour,

hour, they made so free, that they were all soon drunk, and Barclay pushed his way out into the air, leaving them enjoying that infernal state of mirth and riot, which may be imagined to take place in hell, when a slave-trader breathes his last.

C H A P. XV.

*Slave trade.—A most agreeable surprize.
 —News from the parsonage.—An offer:
 how received.—Two elopements.—A
 new style of fingering.—Mrs. Pawlet
 metamorphosed.—An appointment in
 the country.—Gregory fears that Bar-
 clay is deranged.—The manuscripts de-
 stroyed. Gregory on his knees.—Mr.
 Grub's speech to Barclay.*

HAVING terminated the last chap-
 ter with an allusion to a trade, the most
 diabolical that ever obtained amongst
 men, I must say a word or two on it
 before I proceed.

We justly despise and abhor the
 bawd who traffics in human flesh, tho'
 the

the object is what some call pleasure, that she procures for those she benefits by; whilst, with shameful blindness, we laud and esteem such as steal beings of our own nature, endowed with our own feelings, sympathies, and passions, and sell them, without hope of restoration, to die far from their native homes, parents, children, liberty and friends, in slavery and woe. Horrible commerce! The thirst of gain can go no further! Barclay was now constantly visited by Gregory, who scarcely ever came empty-handed; and, getting by his literary labour a very comfortable subsistence, he had nothing to complain of but the loss of freedom and his mistress. To a lover, and an Englishman, however, what could he have more worthy of the severest complaint!

Sitting in his room one day, in pensive mood, thinking of Penelope, and of times he beheld no prospect of ever

seeing more, he was interrupted by some one knocking at his door, and he had scarcely uttered "come in," when Mr. George Pawlet appeared before him.—Barclay's heart leaped in his bosom as he saw him, and, starting from his chair, he met him half way, and after an exchange of friendly sentiments toward each other, Barclay, first giving him a chair, exclaimed: "but how am I to account for this visit—this welcome visit? I am at a stand to guess even in what manner it came to your knowledge that I was here."

"I learnt it by a letter."

"A letter, from whom?"

"An anonymous one," said the Merchant. "I have it in my pocket; perhaps you may know the hand-writing."

"Gregory's, I'll swear!" cried Barclay, looking at it.

"Well, no matter whose it is," continued Mr. Pawlet; "it was written
with

with a friendly intention. The moment I received it, and read that you were confined, I went to my brother's. Poor man, this affair has made him very miserable!

"But Miss Penelope," interrupted Barclay—"how—what——"

"She," said the Merchant, "is well, but always melancholy. She still loves you, and Mr. Von Heim sues in vain, although seconded by the Parson, who wishes to keep his promise. When I had taken him in private, and unfolded to him the contents of the letter I had received, he was shocked at Mr. Von Heim's conduct, for he knew he was the cause of it. 'That's going too far, too far indeed!' said he. 'No, this must not be. We must liberate him, and keep it a secret from Von Heim.' I willingly agreed to this, and here I am for that purpose."

Barclay had experienced quite enough of confinement to make him long for

liberty ; but his love of independence still made him doubt what to say :—he could only exclaim, “ I am unworthy of such bounty ! ”

“ Come, come,” said Mr. Pawlet, “ I know your high spirit, but I will perform the object of my mission. I have been in business, and have seen so much of life, that I know when a man gets into prison, he’s like a ship sinking with a leak ; while they remain in that condition they must both perish ; but take the water out of the ship, and the load of debt off the prisoner, and they may both prosper. Surely you may as well owe us the money as your present creditors. We’ll let you out, and you’ll probably repay us ; but being here, you can never repay them.”

The thoughts of freedom, and something he could not explain, added to the Merchant’s reasoning, which his heart was prompt to acknowledge just,
de-

determined him to accept his proposal.

“Your goodness and your brother’s entirely overcome me,” said he. “I will not refuse this great mark of your benevolence.”

“That’s right,” cried Mr. Pawlet.

“But,” continued Barclay, “I shall hope that you will put me in some way, by which my talents may, in time, liquidate the sum you advance for me, although my gratitude must for ever remain your debtor.”

Barclay could not avoid observing an uncommon degree of liveliness in the Merchant’s countenance the moment he entered, and was at a loss to guess the cause; but the conversation being now changed by Mr. Pawlet, he was quickly told what had produced it.

“It is but fair,” said he, “that should promote the comfort of others as mine has been promoted. Oh, we
have

have had such work, Mr. Temple, in our village, since your absence, as you will not easily imagine."

"Ay," replied Barclay, "I am anxious to know what has happened."

"In the first place," said he, "I have got rid of two of my plagues."

"Two!" cried Barclay, thinking that Master Stephen might be off with *Madame*, but not conceiving who the other could be—"is Mrs. Pawlet dead?"

"No, no," continued the Merchant, "but she is quiet. Music's all over at our house now. Stephen and Phyllis are both gone, and I have not heard a note since. Stephen ran away with the Honourable Mrs. Buckle's woman, and has settled in town."

"And Miss Phyllis?" said Barclay.

"She," added he, "was seduced by the French Abbè—I suppose, for the sake of her fortune. My wife took on sadly, and called him a *thorough base rascal*."

rascal, and so I think he is ; but yet I cannot be angry at the good office he has done me."

" And what is become of them ?" Barclay inquired.

" Mr. Buckle still countenances the Abbè," he replied, " and they live at present in his house. My wife will not see either her or him, and has quite given up playing. I should have told you, by-the-bye, that it was but a week before this, she sent twenty miles for a music-master, who professed to teach *a new style of fingering*, and he had not given her above three lessons, when he absconded, taking away two dozen of our silver spoons. You must believe that I am not sorry these vagaries are at an end."

" Indeed I am not," said Barclay ; " but, talking of vagaries, pray how does my old mistress go on ?"

" Oh,

“ Oh, poor soul,” replied the Merchant, “ she is wholly metamorphosed too, but not much for the better. The last thing I heard her say in her old way, was to Mr. Von Heim, respecting Penelope and you—‘ Don’t be afraid of their ever coming together,’ said she; ‘ they can never meet, any more than two parallel lines, were their existence prolonged to infinity.’”

“ That is the woman precisely,” cried Barclay; “ but what has she changed to, I beg to know?”

“ She has been reading Mr. Addlehead on the Prophets,” said he, “ until she has become a perfect convert to his opinions, and believes the world will be at an end, I think it is, the week after next. In this persuasion, she has entirely given up all her other pursuits. But this, like her former follies, will, I dare say, soon give place to some other.”

Barclay

Barclay now seized an opportunity to renew his inquiries about Penelope, and put a thousand questions to the Merchant concerning her; the sum of his answers to which has already been given. He then requested, as the business could not be settled in a moment, that he would stay there and dine with him.

“No,” said Mr. Pawlet, “that I cannot do. I have taken a seat in the stage, and must leave you immediately. My instant return is necessary, to prevent suspicions. Von Heim must not know that we are your deliverers; therefore, too, that I may have a reserve of conscience, if asked, I shall not pay your debts, but leave you the money to perform that office yourself. Here,” continued he, pulling out his pocket-book, “here are three hundred pounds: the demand on you is, I believe, about two hundred and thirty pounds; the fees will make it something more. You
discharge

discharge it, and account to me for the difference."

Barclay pressed his hand as he received the notes, in such a manner as fully expressed the warmth of his feelings.

"You know * * * * *," added he, "it's about thirty miles from our village."

"I do," replied Barclay.

"Well then," said Mr. Pawlet, "I shall expect to see you there as soon as you are able. I cannot come to town, or I would not give you so much trouble. When you arrive, send some one to inform me of it. We'll then fix on what you shall do. I have formed a plan in my head, but at present I shall say nothing about it."

Taking his watch out of his pocket, he cried, "my time is up:—till we meet again, adieu!"

Here.

Here, refusing to let Barclay see him out, saying, "it's better that we should not be seen together," he hurried away.

When Mr. Pawlet was gone, our hero's soul began to expand. He was free—he breathed—he lived again.—Whilst he was walking up and down his room, enjoying the happy novelty of his situation, Gregory, according to custom, entered the room. He gazed at Barclay, who stood with his head erect, and his ample crest swelled out, looking, as it were, twice his usual size. Gregory would have been alarmed, had he not seen something like joy playing about his eyes, and expressed in all his features.

At the sight of Gregory, Barclay presently recollected what he had done—the letter he had sent. But what could he say to him? How could he be displeased!

"I am

"I am glad, Sir, to see you look so well to-day," said Gregory. "I suppose you have been happy in your writings. I met Mr. Pulp's foreman as I came along; he told me the press was at a stand, and desired me tell you to send some matter—if you've got any done, I'll take it."

"Let the press for ever stand and starve!" cried Barclay, good-humouredly; "its ever-craving maw shall not be fed by me. Here I have some provender for it," continued he, taking up a parcel of papers lying on the table, "but it shall never be the better for it—no," (tearing them) "there, there Mr. Pulp, this is the last paper I'll waste on you."

Gregory stared at him, and really began to fear that his brain was turned.

"Should you like to take a trip into the country, Gregory?" he added.

This

This question left him no doubt but his suspicions were just; and Barclay, guessing from his manner what his thoughts were, exclaimed, “you think me out of my wits, I dare say; and so I ought to be—I am free!”

“F—f—free!” stuttered Gregory, his countenance changing all at once.

“Yes,” replied Barclay; “Mr. Pawlet has been here, and generously lent me three hundred pounds.”

Gregory dropt suddenly on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, uttered such a heart-felt prayer of thanks, as listening angels might have glowed to hear!

Barclay now let him into the whole fact, and Gregory’s joy was so great, and shewed itself so oddly, that Barclay, in his turn, began to think *he* was crazy.

While Gregory, with the utmost alacrity, conveyed away his goods to his
own

own lodgings, Barclay was discharging the debt; and, making a handsome present to the *martyrs to genius*, to be spent by the club, he quitted the Bench, and once more respired the air of liberty.

I should have remarked, however, that in taking leave of his companions, Grub said to him: “you won’t thank me, perhaps, for the compliment, Mr. Temple, but may I be cut up in every review that’s published, if I an’t sorry you’re going. Well, well, I wish it may fare better with you out than in; but, speaking from experience, I’ve little hopes of it. This is the hot-bed of genius. Travels, you know, are my forte—late of Pembroke, eh? Well, how could I write my travels, when people saw me walking about the streets every day? No, I never lived like a gentleman till I came here!”

C H A P. XVI.

*Feelings.—The best meal love makes.—
 A country gentleman.—A living thermometer and barometer.—The old questions.—The diseases of the mind and body : which the worse.—Hiring a servant.—How to cure yourself of jacobinism.—A shriek.—The consequence.—Barclay attacked by numbers.—Gregory's conduct on the occasion.—A broken head.—A discovery very little expected.—Anguish and remorse.—Barclay pressed her to his heart, and she revived.*

AS Gregory had proved himself capable of such friendship as might vie with all antiquity, adhering to Barclay to the last, in the height of prosperity
 and

and in the depth of misfortune, he could not refuse him any thing. Therefore, when he petitioned to accompany him into the country, he granted his request. Barclay was anxious to begin the course which the Merchant might have laid down for him, that he might the sooner refund the money he and the Parson had advanced. The day after his emancipation was consequently fixed for their departure. Having packed up what things they wanted, Gregory carried them to the stage, and, as Barclay found in the morning, took a place for him in the inside, and one for himself on the out. Barclay would have altered this arrangement, but Gregory's entreaties prevailed, and he let him indulge his humour.

When Barclay was seated, and the coach went off, he felt a certain pleasing trepidation about his heart, which he could not easily define. The thought, however,

however, that he was every minute drawing nearer and nearer to Penelope, and that he should in the end almost breathe in the same atmosphere with her; and the expectation that he might perhaps even hear from her, may, without understanding much of the *art of love*, be found, perhaps, to account pretty tolerably for the feelings he experienced. “No passion,” says Granger,* “makes more frequent feasts on expectation than love; and a wicked wit has said, that these are the most pleasing meals it enjoys.”

His sole companion in the carriage was a respectable-looking country gentleman, and, as he afterward proved to be, a well-informed, sensible man. I have already touched on the taciturnity of strangers in this country, and it is too true (I beg the reader's pardon

* Note on El. 5, of Tibullus.

for having been guilty of a truth!) to admit of contradiction. Added to this characteristic, an Englishman is the most perfect living thermometer and barometer in the universe. If all his friends had lost their sense of feeling and seeing, they would know as well from him, every time they met him, whether the weather was hot or cold, wet or dry, as if they had the liveliest use of both.

“ Nice warm weather this, Sir ? ” said the gentleman.

“ Very much so, indeed,” replied Barclay, “ and I hope it will be of service to the harvest.”

“ Hope it will, Sir,” was the reply; and then a dead silence reigned for an hour, when Barclay, purchasing a newspaper at one of the turnpikes, gave rise to a more animated conversation. First, however, another eternal, never-failing question was put—

“ Any news, Sir ? ”

“ I’ll read to you,” said Barclay, “ if you’ll give me leave ?”

This being readily allowed, Barclay proceeded, commenting, in a pleasant manner, as he went on, which made so great a breach in the formality before existing between them, that the gentleman began to be very communicative of his thoughts. Reading a literary paragraph, he observed:

“ Sir, we have too many books already, in my opinion, and if there was not another written for a hundred years, we should still have more than are needful. The author you have been reading about, is, tho’ he cloaks it in his writings, an atheist—his mind is diseased, and no good fruit can be produced from it.”

“ You are in the right, Sir,” replied Barclay; “ and Cicerō justly observes, that the diseases of the mind are more pernicious than those of the body ; but

he does not give this reason for it, namely, that the diseases of the body commonly affect none but the persons afflicted, whilst those of the mind are often injurious to many others; and sometimes, when they attack great minds, to a whole race!"

"Which comment," said he, "seems equally just."

After these mutual compliments, they became much more familiar; and the subject of democracy being started, the gentleman told him, that he had lately had a curious conversation, in hiring a servant in the country; which Barclay intimating a wish to hear, the other related it in the following way:

"Well, Sir," said I to the man, after being satisfied with respect to the rest of his character, "I hope you are neither a ministerialist nor an anti-ministerialist—what have such fellows as you to do with politics?"

"True, your honour," he replied,
"and

“ and I am neither, but I was some time ago a rank Jacobin. However, I cured myself of that.”

“ Ay, how, prithee?” I inquired.

“ Why, I said to myself one day,” continued he, “ Nol, said I, what is the reason, my friend, that you wish the Minister deposed, and the other party in place? Do you think you’d be any the better for it? Zooks, Sir, I found I could not answer this as an honest man should, so I concluded that I had only been joining the hue and cry of ‘ stop thief,’ without knowing whether the man we were in pursuit of was a thief, or, indeed, whether the thief was not amongst those who were crying ‘ stop thief;’ and further, I began to perceive, that I only wished a change for the sake of a bustle and a riot. Seeing this, I was ashamed of myself, and resolved never to meddle with party matters again.”

“ In truth, Nol,” said I, “ you acted the part of a wise man, and I wish the habit of consulting our consciences, about our actions, was a little more prevalent than it is. A politician is a great character, so is a philosopher, but don’t be deceived by appearance : every man who abuses ministers, and complains of the constitution and laws of his country, is not a politician ; nor is every one a philosopher who laughs at religion, despises all human ties, lets his beard grow, and banishes pity and humanity from his heart. Yet, there are many, Nol, who would pass for politicians and philosophers, merely because they come under these descriptions.”

Various other topics were now discussed, which are not of sufficient interest to merit repetition. Arriving late in the night at the inn where Barclay was obliged to quit the coach, as
he

He was going no further on the great road, he took leave of his fellow-traveller, and, it not being more than twelve miles to the place the Merchant had appointed him as a rendezvous, he resolved to rest at the inn that night, and set off some time after breakfast the next morning. He was the more inclined to make this resolution, as he had a long heath to cross in his way, which, if not dangerous, was certainly, in the dark, not very agreeable or inviting. The inn he slept at stood alone on the edge of the heath, for the purpose, as it would appear, of accommodation to post-chaises and stages.

Having supped, they retired to rest. It was then about one o'clock in the morning. Barclay had not been in bed above two hours, when his attention was excited by a violent scuffling, a few rooms from the one he occupied, and he presently heard a faint shriek—faint

to his ear, owing to the distance, but loud enough to fill his soul with alarm. He started up in his bed, listened, and heard it again. 'Twas Penelope's ! he had no longer cause to doubt it.

Hurrying on a part of his clothes, and seizing his cudgel, he rushed out of his chamber, and, following the sound, soon came to the door of the room—he burst in, and, with terrified looks, beheld Penelope, her hair dishevelled, struggling to escape from the arms of the Honourable Mr. Buckle, who, at the sight of our hero, stood aghast, not knowing what to do.

“ Villain !” cried Barclay, “ release her !”

Here he darted between them, and caught Penelope in his arms. She knew her deliverer, and, stammering out his name, fainted away.

At this moment the Abbè, who had been on the watch, entered precipitately,

ly, and locked the door. Mr. Buckle being seconded, felt his courage return, and they together attacked Barclay, who held Penelope in one arm, and with the other brandished his club, in defiance of them both. The Abbè had taken the poker, and Mr. Buckle presented a pistol, threatening to fire if he did not instantly quit the room. Barclay was careless of his threats, and he, fearing to fire, lest, as they were situated, he should hit Penelope, Barclay twice struck his pistol from his hand.

The riot was now loud enough to rouse the whole house ; but the family, being probably paid for pretending to be asleep, never appeared. Not so with Gregory—he heard the bustle, and, amongst other voices, his master's, and came like lightning to his assistance. He thundered and roared at the door, but all to no purpose. He would have presently broke it open, but the Abbè,

aware of that, placed his back against it, and prevented him. In the midst of his rage, a thought occurred to him, and, hurrying out of the house, he climbed up to one of the windows, and, just as his master was nearly overpowered, jumped into the room, and decided the fate of the day. He first seized Mr. Buckle's pistol, which he had endeavoured to discharge at him, but in vain ; he then assaulted the Abbè, who defended himself as well as he was able ; but Gregory soon brought him, with a blow of his cudgel, to measure his length on the ground, with a head nearly split in two. Throwing away his stick, Gregory now began to pummel him with all his might. The Abbè vainly exclaimed—" *Monsieur Grègoire, vat you do ! Pardon, pardon !*" for Gregory still persevered, swearing at him all the time in the most bitter manner.

At

At this crisis the door was burst open, and the Parson rushed in, the very picture of horror and dismay !

Seeing Mr. Buckle, he ejaculated in a piercing tone :

“ Your child ! She is your own child ! ! ” and then, unable to stand, he sunk into a chair.

“ Who ? ” cried Mr. Buckle, wildly.

“ She ! she ! ! ” exclaimed the Parson, pointing to Penelope, still leaning, insensible, on Barclay.

“ Great God ! ! ” he ejaculated, hiding his face with his handkerchief, then turning quickly round, he added hastily—“ But how—how ! ! ”

The Parson now explained as well as he was able, that before Mr. Buckle went on his travels, he debauched a great number of girls, amongst whom, he got one, a peasant's daughter, with child. “ She lived,” continued he, “ in a village some miles from us. The

mother died of a broken heart, and I took the infant, brought her up, and, at a convenient season, let her come and live with me. She grew to my heart. I loved her as my own! and still marking the profligacy of your conduct, I could not—could not let you know she was yours. O God! how nearly had my well-meant secrecy, filled the remnant of my days with sore affliction, and unavailing sorrow!”—Here he closed his hands together, and bowing his head, he added, “ but thou, O God, seest every thing—thou art all-wise, and orderest all things for the best !”

Mr. Buckle now, for the first time, took an inward view of himself, and, shocked at the blackness of his perpetual, and ever-accumulating crimes, he exclaimed, striking his forehead: “ wretch, wretch that I am: there is no mercy for me ! Cling, cling misery
to

to my heart, for, oh! I have well deserved thee! I cannot," (looking toward Penelope, and making a motion to approach) "no, no—I cannot—I cannot!" With this he forced himself out of the room, and, throwing himself into his chaise, hurried from the scene.

Listening to the Parson's relation, with extended hands, and a mind incapable of other thought, Gregory had suffered the Abbè to creep away, who had waited below, expecting Mr. Buckle to take him home; but when Mr. Buckle beheld him, he loathed his sight, and, avoiding him as a pest, would not suffer his approach.

Penelope was by this time somewhat recovered, and, seeing the Parson, had thrown herself into his arms. Then pointing to Barclay—"he is my deliverer!" she cried, and burst into tears. The Parson wept also.

Barclay,

Barclay, thinking it necessary, explained the cause of his presence there, to the perfect satisfaction of the Parson, who shook him warmly by the hand.

“ I will stay in this detested house,” said he, “ no longer. Pen, you are weak, but bear up, my child ; we shall soon get relief. The chaise is waiting that brought me hither—let us return this instant.”

Penelope was so exhausted with fright, that she could make no reply, but, supported by the Parson and Barclay, she descended the stairs. Endeavouring to get into the chaise, she again almost fainted, and again reclined on Barclay. He pressed her to his heart, and she revived. Being at length seated in the chaise, they drove away, leaving Barclay in doubt, so suddenly had every thing happened, whether he had not been the dupe of some idle dream.

C H A P. XVII.

Which being the last, cannot fail of proving perfectly agreeable, and, I hope, satisfactory to the Reader.

THE people of the house were now stirring, and professed great astonishment at what had happened. The Abbè, thinking that no safe place for him, got his head bound up, and, taking a post horse (the only way of retreating that presented itself) he left the inn.

Barclay and Gregory again retired to rest, both well pleased with the adventure—Barclay, that he had been the means of rescuing Penelope, and at the same time obliging the Parson, who was convinced that he had no hand in
her

her elopement; and Gregory, that he had had an opportunity of well-drubbing the Abbè, whom he always suspected to be a rascal. But the affair did not terminate here.

In the morning, while Barclay was breakfasting by himself, for Gregory would not suffer his company to degrade his master, whenever he could avoid it, he heard a chaise driving hastily up to the inn. In a few moments a well-known voice struck his ear, of one inquiring by description for him, and he had scarcely time to collect himself, when the door of his room was thrown open, and in bolted Von Heim, with looks dark as night, and almost bursting with passion.

When Penelope was carried off by Mr. Buckle, assisted by the Abbè, Von Heim and the Parson, discovering it, set off different ways in pursuit, and the former was returning this road, when

when he overtook the Abbè. Threatening to annihilate him if he did not tell the whole truth of the affair, the Abbè, to cover his own iniquity, and in some measure to be revenged of Barclay, assured him that Mr. Buckle had been entirely deceived by Penelope; that she had consented to elope with him merely for the purpose of getting to Barclay, who had, according to her contrivance, rescued her, and was going to carry her off, when Mr. Pawlet luckily arrived, and took her away, leaving Barclay at the inn (which he named) to enjoy his defeat. To corroborate this statement, he pointed to his broken head, declaring that he had received the blows in endeavouring to prevent our hero's succeeding in his scheme.

This artful story had the proposed effect, and, desiring the postillions to turn round and gallop to the inn described, he quickly arrived there, full
of

of rage against Barclay, for this last attempt, added to no little disappointment at his having procured his enlargement.

When Barclay saw Von Heim, he rose from his chair, and fixed his eyes upon him, with no signs of fear, and supported by a consciousness of being himself the injured man. Von Heim, though bursting with passion, was awed by his look—he could not command his utterance, and was compelled to turn his face aside. At length, having shut the door, he came up to Barclay, and said :

“ You have practised such arts against me, Sir, as leave no choice of epithets to be applied to you—the worst only does you justice.”

“ What arts ?” inquired Barclay, mildly.

“ I will not condescend to explain, nor is it necessary. I have torn you, or
rather

rather your conduct has utterly torn you from my heart. I will never forgive the designing friend, who plots in every insidious way to destroy my happiness."

"I know," said Barclay, "that you will not forgive me, because I am aware of the maxim which informs, that men never forgive those they injure."

"'Tis a lie!" exclaimed Von Heim.

Barclay's colour came, and his lip trembled.

"Keppel!!" said he, looking at him severely.

"Call me by no such familiar term," cried Von Heim; "I will not suffer it from a villain!"

Barclay was not to be daunted—he was too high-spirited, and too proud, to bear an insult, and he was about to reply with added force, when, recollecting their former friendship, he turned from him, and would have left the room.

"No,

“ No, no !” exclaimed Von Heim, interposing himself between our hero and the door, “ I shall not permit a poltroon to escape thus !”

Here he seized Barclay by the collar. He could contain himself no longer, and, placing his hands against Von Heim, he pushed him from him so rudely, that he staggered to the further end of the room before he could recover himself.

“ Enough !” cried Von Heim—“ I expect, Sir, that you will follow me.”

Saying this he went out, and, taking a case of pistols from his chaise, made towards an adjoining field. Barclay obeyed the summons.

By the time they had measured the distance and taken their stand, Barclay felt, but not through fear, a hearty repugnance to fight with Von Heim.—He would have taken any thing like an apology,

apology, but could not think of quitting the field without.

“ Hold !” said he, “ you must be convinced—I am sure you are—that you have used very unbecoming language. Will you say you did not intend to offend me ?”

“ Never !” cried Von Heim.

“ Well, Sir,” continued Barclay, “ since you will not excuse yourself, though undoubtedly the aggressor, we must terminate the affair in a different manner. However, as you say that you have been aggrieved, I shall, in the combat, wave my right to discharge my pistol first. I am ready to receive your fire !”

Von Heim made no reply, but taking his ground, fired, and Barclay received the ball in his breast. He did not, nor was it his intention to return the fire. Putting his hand to the wound, he said, “ that—that’s sufficient—you have had
your

your revenge—I want none !” He had scarcely uttered these words, when the blood flowed so copiously, that he fell, insensible, to the earth.

Von Heim now felt how much he had wronged him. He admired his noble conduct, and all his former friendship returned. Almost distracted, he ran to his assistance. Barclay in a short time recovered, and, finding Von Heim mourning over him, and using numberless kind expressions, he exclaimed :

“ Then I shall die in peace—I have not paid too dear for this ! Keppel—I may at present call you by that name—Keppel, we may now be friends again :—your oath will not prevent it, for I give up all thoughts of Penelope.—I die !”

Here he swooned a second time, and Von Heim had but just brought him to his senses, when Gregory, who had heard the report of the pistol, came
running

running toward them. He would have revenged his master, but Barclay entreated him to desist. They now, both in tears, led, or rather carried him to the inn, and, putting him to bed, sent for immediate assistance. A surgeon was at length procured, and the ball in his right breast, with much pain and difficulty, extracted. A fever and delirium followed, and for several days he knew no one, and was expected to expire every hour. Von Heim and Gregory never left him. Keppel having learnt that the Abbè had deceived him in all he had said, was ready to destroy himself. He raved, he stormed, he wept, and took no rest day or night, continually watching the symptoms of Barclay's indisposition. Gregory refused all sustenance, cried, prayed, swore, and behaved often like a maniac.

During this state of things, Von Heim sent one of his servants to the parsonage,

parsonage, where he was expected, to tell Mr. Pawlet that he was obliged to be absent for a fortnight, desiring the man by no means to divulge what had happened.—When he returned, he brought a letter from the Parson, who, after recounting all that had occurred, and praising Barclay's gallant behaviour, he recommended him to his esteem; which, as he read, wounded him to the heart, and he could not proceed, so great was his affliction.

“ My esteem !” he ejaculated—“ I have killed him !”

Recovering, he went on, and learnt, to his excessive satisfaction, that the Honourable Mr. Buckle had expressed a most sincere repentance for all his misdemeanours—had taken his wife and child again, and had acknowledged his daughter. Further, that for some private villany he knew him guilty of, he had thrown the Abbè into prison, where
he

he would, in all probability, receive the reward due to his labours.

In about ten days, to the inexpressible joy of Von Heim and Gregory, Barclay was pronounced entirely out of danger. Von Heim was now constantly at his bed-side, repeatedly imploring, and as often receiving pardon, for having persecuted him.

“ You will forgive me, Barclay,” said he, one day, sitting at the foot of the bed, “ for persevering in my desire to be united to Penelope, when you hear what I have to say of myself. I have hitherto concealed it from you, but I need much vindication, and I will keep it a secret from you no longer. I am forlorn—an outcast—alone in the world—I am—I shudder when I speak the word, for it has embittered all my days—I am a bastard! Cut off from the kindred ties of nature, knowing no one living that is related to me. The first

I can recollect of my life," continued he, "was passed in a workhouse."

"Ay!!" exclaimed Barclay, recollecting a thousand interesting circumstances at the moment; "proceed—pray go on!"

"Abandoned by both father and mother, neither of whom I ever saw, I was left a burthen on the parish. The person I have since learnt to have been my mother, died suddenly, as she was about to embark at Helvoetsluys for England. She was, I am told, a servant, and that after bearing me, and being turned adrift by her seducer, she got another place, where her beauty attracted the notice, and won the heart of Mr. Von Heim, a young Dutch merchant, who was then in England on business. He married her privately, and took her over with him to Holland. Not daring, I suppose, to mention to him that she had a child, she thought
it

it best to endeavour to forget it herself. But I see, my friend," said he, " that my narrative affects you—it may make you ill—I will postpone the remainder."

" No, no—go on—let me hear it all !" cried Barclay.

" In some years, without having any children, he died, leaving her fourteen thousand pounds. She then resolved to quit a country she had no interest in, and, collecting her fortune, to come and seek her son in England. This done, for fear of the danger of the sea, she made her will, making me the heir to all she possessed, and was preparing to depart, when death arrested her course. I was nearly ten years old, when I received the intelligence that I was master of fourteen thousand pounds. The trustee was my mother's old master, from whom she had married. He gave me a clear account of her, from the time she had lived with him, but

was unacquainted with any thing that had happened before. From the parish I could gather merely, that she was my mother. My father's name they were either bound to conceal, or he, having commissioned some friend to pay the money, they really knew nothing of him. My trustee dying, I was consigned to the care of the Rev. Mr. Pawlet, who sent me to Eton, and bred me up to the law. And now you know my whole story. I am in possession of a considerable fortune; my profession also brings me in a handsome annuity, and I am in every thing happy, but that I nightly weep the death of my mother—and father too—for he is dead to me!”

Barclay was agitated to such a degree, that he lost all power of speech. When Von Heim had finished, he could but just extend his arms, and murmur,

“ Brother !

“ Brother!—you are my brother !”
and then sinking on the pillow, weak
and overpowered, he fainted away.

His senses returning, he caught Von
Heim in his arms, who readily ac-
cepted his embrace, but anxiously beg-
ged him to explain what he meant by
his exclamation. Barclay presently re-
lated his father’s history, and would
have again taken him to his heart, but
amidst Keppel’s joy, he recollected that
he had attempted his brother’s life,
and, turning from him, he wept bit-
terly.

At length, coming to the bed, and
taking Barclay’s hand between his, he
said :

“ I have no parent—I had no rela-
tion that I knew of—no dear tie to link
me to society, and I would have mar-
ried that lovely girl, merely not to live
and die an outcast from the tender

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connections that bind mankind together.—But I have found a brother!—My end is gained—Penelope is yours!”

The curtain drops.

PILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

THE Play being over, my character ceases, and I may be allowed, without offence, to say one word of *truth* at parting.

I feel that I cannot take leave of the Reader, without unburthening my conscience of a weight it suffers, through some imprudencies (to call them no worse) which I have been guilty of in the recital of the foregoing history.—Other historians, romance, and novel writers, may consider it in a different light, but I am of too delicate a sense, after having, in pursuing their custom, taken upon myself to tell what my hero or heroine thought, when they did not speak,

speak, not to acknowledge that it was merely my imagination, since I must own they never made me their confessor; and when I have said that the latter passed a restless night, I beg, for the lady's sake, that it may be considered as a mere supposition, for I solemnly declare, I never slept with her in all my life. After this confession, so highly necessary, the Reader will, I trust, hold the lady's morality fair, pure, and unsullied as her bosom, and, if he should conceive that I have in any instance made my hero or any other person say, think, or do, what he deems improper, let him first be sure he never does so himself, and then he has my free and unreserved permission to make him or her, say, think, or do, whatever else he pleases. And now, to use the words of POLONIUS, " I will most humbly take my leave of you."

READER.

READER.—To reply with HAMLET,
“ You cannot, Sir, take from me any
thing that I will more willingly part
withal.”

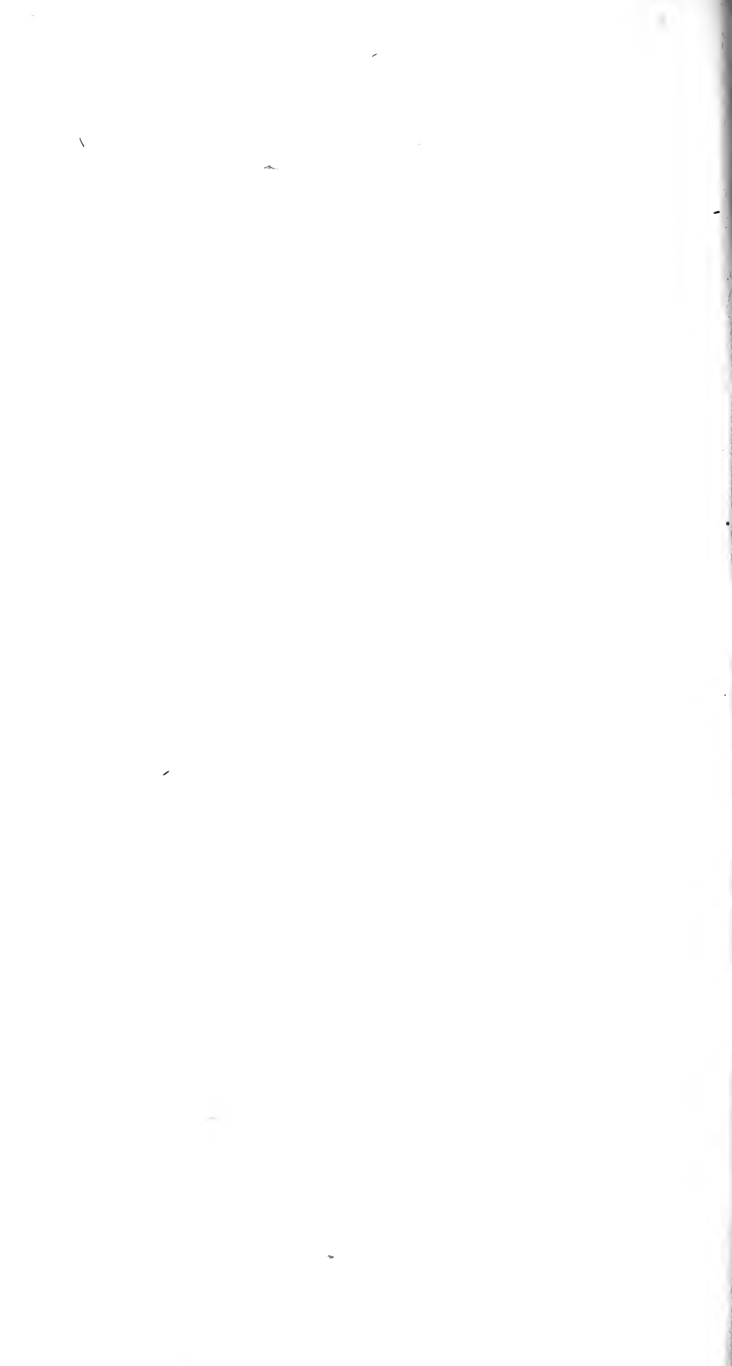
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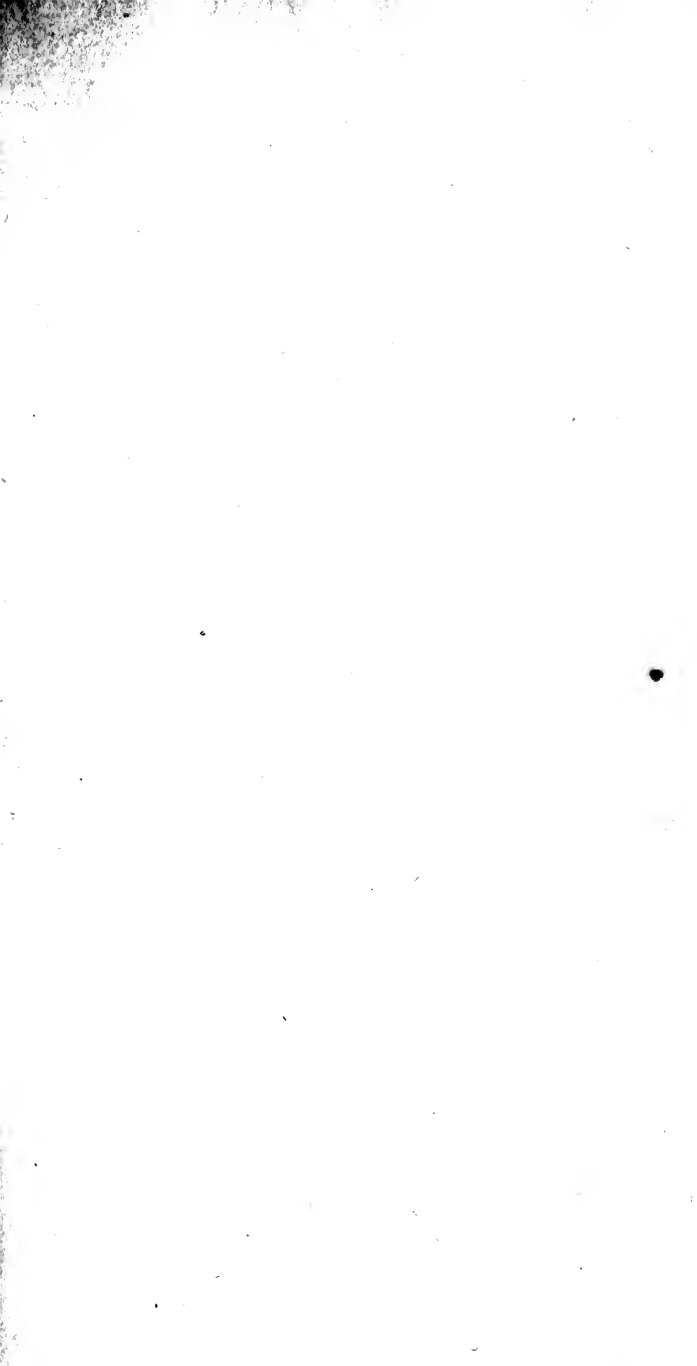
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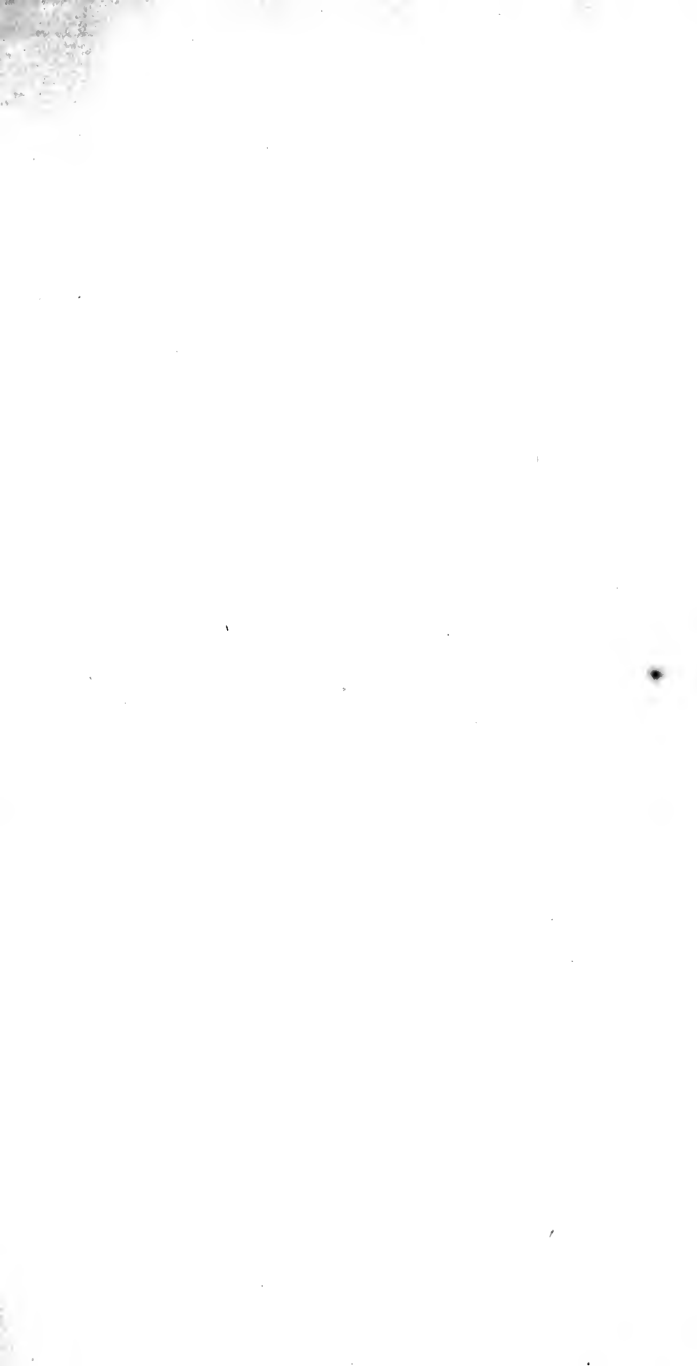
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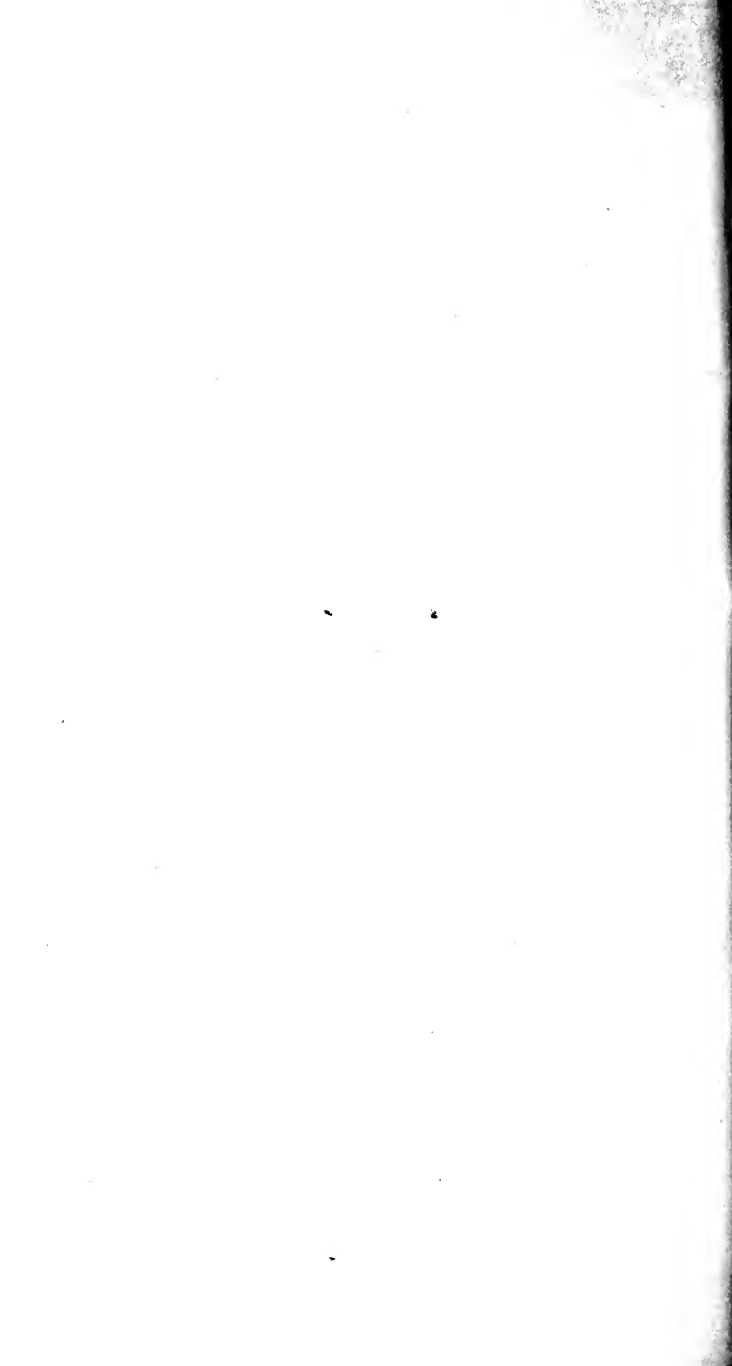












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